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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Reassurance

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's latest foreign policy speech can be expected to give much needed encouragement to the free world. Among other things it removes misgivings created in the West and elsewhere by some of the recent public utterances of Mr. Foster Dulles and a number of prominent congressmen. The important aspect of the President's declaration is that it represents a long-term view, and the policy enunciated, therefore, is no expedient. While it is a policy which provides for the present, it also projects itself into the future. It is as spacious as it is realistic. Many will see in it a reflection of the late President Roosevelt's power of vision and grasp of essentials. The apprehension that has recently been generated in the minds of the free peoples of the world is that the United States is preparing to abandon its policies of nurturing the economically backward countries and to loosen ties in other directions with its traditional allies. This, of course, may still happen if congressional reaction to Mr. Eisenhower's pleas is hostile. But at least the world now knows where the President stands so far as foreign policy is concerned, and the assurance is given that if he is supported by Congress, that policy, with its provisions for "strength to defend rash aggression," a freer system of world trade, and continued economic assistance to the free countries needing it to keep Communism at bay, will be implemented in the fullness of time. Certainly in the English-speaking world Mr. Eisenhower's declaration will be received with the keenest appreciation. It accords with the foreign policies of the Imperial Government and the rest of the Commonwealth. In particular it welcomed the President's statement: "We must strive constantly with our friends for a freer system of world trade and investment, for strengthened trade agreement legislation, for simpler rules and regulations under which trade can be carried on." This has been the British Government's plea for the last four or five years, and backed by the strength of Mr. Eisenhower's guidance and advocacy, hopes are stronger than ever before that it will finally be realised.

French Gov't's Fate Decision Today

DAY-LONG TALKS TO AVERT CRISIS

President Confers With Key Politicians

Paris, June 12.
M. Rene Coty, the French President, conferred with key politicians yesterday in an attempt to avert a political crisis.

With M. Joseph Laniel's 11-month-old Government facing almost inevitable defeat in today's (Saturday's) vote of confidence on Indo-China, the President saw M. Edouard Herriot, Radical elder statesman, and General Pierre Koenig and M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, the Gaullist leaders.

Radical and Gaullist Deputies will decide the outcome of the vote. He also received M. Laniel, M. Paul Reynaud, the Deputy Premier, and M. Frederic Dupont, the Indo-China Minister.

Korea Conference Failure In Sight

Geneva, June 11.

Britain told the 19 nations at the Korea conference here today that they would have to admit they could not complete their task if they failed to solve the deadlock over free elections and United Nations authority.

For the second time in two days, Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, urged the conference to face up to realities or admit failure. He issued a similar warning yesterday to the nine-nation Indo-China peace talks.

Canada, New Zealand, France, Belgium and Thailand supported the British stand in upholding the United Nations as a world authority.

But China and North Korea maintained their outright refusal to consider any United Nations supervision of all-Korean elections.

The next meeting on Korea—as in the case of the Indo-China talks—will be fixed by consultation between the conference chairmen.

Mr. Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister, accused the United States of trying to create a still more unstable situation in Korea and to prevent any possible armistice in Indo-China.

Today's plenary session was the first on Korea for six days and the 14th since the conference began nearly seven weeks ago.

WORLD OPINION
Mr. Chou said China believed that world opinion would not allow America to "walk out of the Geneva conference" in response to the "clamouring of the Syngman Rhee clique."

He urged the conference to adopt a five-point Soviet proposal as a basis of further discussion "since we have obtained concurrence, or come close to concurrence, on not a few points."

The five points put to the conference last Saturday by Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister who presided today, cover all-Korean elections within six months, the setting up of an electoral commission by both Korean Parliaments, withdrawal of all foreign troops, an international supervisory commission and guarantees.

The Communists want the international commission to be on the model of that supervising the Korean armistice which has Polish, Czech, Swiss and Swedish members.

Mr. Eden said the Communists' proposals were incompatible with United Nations principles. He saw "the prospects of agreement" here on the all-Korean commission in which the Communist North Korean minority would have a veto.

Britain was ready to explore every means of reaching agreement, but there must be some sign that agreement was possible. If the conference had to admit failure, that fact should be reported to the United Nations. This would ensure that while the existing armistice remained in force, the search for a political settlement "could be resumed whenever the right moment came."

Mr. Chou rejected Mr. Chou's assertions that the Geneva conference had nothing to do with the United Nations. He recalled that the United Nations had successfully defended the victims of aggression in Korea. Since the conclusion of an armistice under its authority, it was "more closely concerned than ever" with a peaceful solution of the Korean question.—Reuter.

Despite intense last-minute negotiations behind the scenes, M. Laniel's prospects of being able to scrape together a majority for today's crucial test were rated as very slim in political quarters here last night. Only some spectacular development at the Geneva conference — a same major surprise move in Parliament could still save the Government, according to these sources.

The Government's fate depends wholly on the attitude of the 76 Radical Deputies and the 75 Gaullists whose partial defection caused the resounding Government defeat early on Thursday morning when its Indo-China motion was thrown out by 322 votes to 263.

Though both parties are still represented in M. Laniel's Cabinet, 54 Gaullists and 33 Radicals voted against it. Short of an unforeseen "bombshell," a substantial number of these Deputies, particularly from the Gaullist ranks, are expected to withhold their support again from the tottering Government.

On the credit side, M. Laniel can count on the backing of some 200 Conservatives, Popular Republicans and dissident Gaullists, but he will face an equally certain opposition from the 105 Socialists and 99 Communists.

RELATIONS WORSEN
Relations between M. Laniel and his Radical coalition partners have been worsening progressively ever since the Versailles Presidential elections last December when the Radicals took the Prime Minister's election but also failed to get their own candidate elected.

Relations with the Gaullists have been deteriorating since Easter when M. Laniel abandoned his "neutral" position on the European Army and swung round to support Popular Republican pressure for speedy ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty.

Despite assurances, some of the backbenchers of both parties doubt the Government's sincerity to reach a truce at the Geneva conference.

But some Government supporters were still hoping last night that President Coty might call for general elections and save the Laniel Cabinet from defeat. Under the French Constitution, President Rene Coty can decree fresh elections after consulting the Cabinet, if the National Assembly defeats two Prime Ministers in less than 18 months by more than half of the votes of the 627-member Chamber. The next general elections are not due for another two years.—Reuter.

Reward For Skill & Ingenuity



Above are the faces of the gold medals which the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., won at the Swiss food fair.



HK Wins 2 Gold Medals At Swiss Food Fair

UNIQUE SUCCESS FOR HK & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD

Two gold medals with honours have been awarded to the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels Ltd., for exhibits of Chinese food and display of a Chinese dinner set at the world-famous "Hospes" fair at Berne, Switzerland.

This was announced yesterday by the Secretary of the Company, Mr A. Sommerfelt.

The exhibition of food, under the supervision of the manager of the Peninsula Hotel, Mr Leo Gaddi at present on leave in Switzerland, was awarded 39 out of a possible 40 points after an international jury of gourmets from Switzerland, France, Canada, Austria, Germany and Yugoslavia tasted the shark fin soup, sweet and sour pork and bamboo shoots.

All the jury were expert judges of Chinese foods.

The second gold medal with honours was for a Chinese dinner set of Kwangai porcelain for a party of 12, each piece bearing the Chinese characters, *Man Sau Mo Geung* which means "Life Without End". Mr Gaddi displayed this in the traditional fashion on a round table. Crowds admired the exhibit.

Considering that all the food exhibited at the "Hospes" Fair was dined and then flown to Switzerland by BOAC, the gold medal was a great credit to the two men who prepared the Chinese dishes.

They were the Peninsula Hotel's chef, Mr Max Moosmann and Mr Tsui Tim, the Hotel's caterer.

Mr Sommerfelt told the China Mail yesterday: "The two men got their heads together and experimented for months with that food before they were satisfied that the correct standard had been reached. Mr Moosmann, who was trained at Home, had apparently learned how to tin foods during his chef's training."

"He had to make sure with the sweet and sour pork, for instance, that he didn't put too much sour or too much pepper in otherwise it might have been too sour or too peppery when the tin was opened after the trip to Switzerland."

100 PER CENT
The two men made allowance for this and apparently produced something that went down 100 per cent with the jury.

"To my knowledge, this is the first time that the company has entered such a competition. We are extremely gratified that we now have the staff who can bring off a feat like this."

The exhibition was a triumph for Mr Leo Gaddi, who joined the Peninsula 25 years ago as a junior chef and worked himself up to the position of Hotel manager.

At this exhibition of the world's culinary arts, chefs from 20 countries including Japan, competed to produce food that would make a gourmet's palate tingle with excitement and joy.

A team of six British master chefs won a prize for cooking Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding. Other English (and Scottish) dishes included salmon, grouse and turkey, Cornish pasties, Aylesbury duck, chicken and Dover soles and whitebait. Chefs also came from France, Italy, Spain, Germany, the United States, Canada, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Yugoslavia, Egypt, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland.

Tragic Death Of Artist's Wife

San Francisco, June 11.
Mrs Janice Kingman, 41, wife of famed Chinese artist Dong Kingman, died at St. Francis Hospital early today from the effects of a stroke.

Doctors said Mrs Kingman, suffering from high blood pressure, was stricken at a hotel here early this morning. The Kingmans' 18-year-old son, Donald, called the hotel physician who had her transferred to the hospital where she died less than two hours later.

The Kingmans who have another son, Eddie, made their home in Brooklyn, N.Y. The family was staying here while Mr Kingman went on the five-month tour.—United Press.

Sack McCarthy Demand

Washington, June 11.
Senator Ralph Flanders, today urged the Senate to deprive Senator Joseph McCarthy of office as Chairman of its Investigations Committee, unless he answers the accusations made against him in 1952.

He said Senator McCarthy had held the entire Senate in contempt in refusing to answer charges made by former Democratic Senator, William Benton before a Senate Elections Subcommittee.

Senator McCarthy had been accused of diverting money donated to fight Communism to his own use, of improperly accepting \$10,000 from a housing corporation for a booklet he wrote and of self-interest in activities on behalf of certain other groups, such as the Nationalist China Lobby.

Senator Flanders last week delivered the strongest attack ever by a fellow Republican Senator against Senator McCarthy alleging:

"Were the junior Senator from Wisconsin in the pay of the Communists, he could not have done a better job for them."

Before the Senate session, he strode into the current Army-McCarthy hearing to tell Senator McCarthy of his imputing attack.

"I don't have enough interest in any Flanders speech to listen to it," Senator McCarthy commented.—Reuter.

RED TRADE MISSION

Chinese Going To London Next Week

Geneva, June 11.
The first Chinese Communist trade mission to Britain to discuss expanding Anglo-Chinese trade will arrive in London "soon after next Tuesday," a Chinese spokesman told Reuter here tonight.

The mission will comprise 11 members. One will be from the Chinese delegation to the Asiatic conference here, others will go from East Berlin, where the Chinese maintain a large mission, and China.

It will be led by Mr Tsa Chung-su and Mr Shih Chih-ang, Vice Managers of the China Import and Export Corporation.

Mr Shih Chih-ang is a member of the Chinese delegation.

After the mission's visit, a British trade delegation will go to China.

The Chinese mission will visit factories in Britain, make "broad contacts with British industrial and business circles and conduct talks on the expansion of trade between the two countries."

The projected visit follows trade talks here between officials of the Chinese delegation and representatives of the British Government and business interests.—Reuter.

Military Talks End

Washington, June 12.
The five-power military conference on Southeast Asia ended last night with an announcement that the high ranking officers of the United States, Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand would transmit their conclusions to their governments.

The military representatives, who have been meeting in secret since June 3, made no disclosures as to what their conclusions were.

A Defence Department announcement merely noted that they had "completed their discussions."

"Their conclusions will be transmitted to their respective governments," it added.—Reuter.

FLY PAL TO BANGKOK

Weekly Flights every Wednesday.

Flights leaving Hong Kong every Wednesday at 12 noon, arrive in Bangkok at 4 p.m. (local time)

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In old Carolina

Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavouring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Moscow.

At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his historic reply: "It's a long time between drinks."

The longer it is between drinks the more miraculous is Rose's Lime Juice. The pure juice of Nature's most thirst quenching fruit sweetened with fine cane sugar, tangy, long and cold with ice cubes in a tall glass—drink it down and as your tongue ceases to resemble a cinder say "Aaaa—another large Rose's Lime Juice please."

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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

Sheer Experience
vs
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...as females clash
for their man!



FOREVER FEMALE
starring GINGER ROGERS · WILLIAM HOLDEN
with JAMES GLASBY and PAT CROWLEY
Produced by PAUL DOUGLAS · Directed by IRVING RAPPER
Written by JAMES H. HANCOCK and PHILIP L. LASHLEY
Suggested by J. M. Barrie · A Paramount Picture

SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** AT 11.30 A.M.
20th Century-Fox Presents

Gregory Peck as "THE GUNFIGHTER"
At Reduced Admissions: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS
AT 11.00 A.M. RKO-DISNEY PRESENT
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
VARIETY PROGRAMME
AT REDUCED PRICES

AT 12.20 P.M. A SUPER INDIAN FILM
"DHOOP CHHAON"
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AT REGULAR PRICES

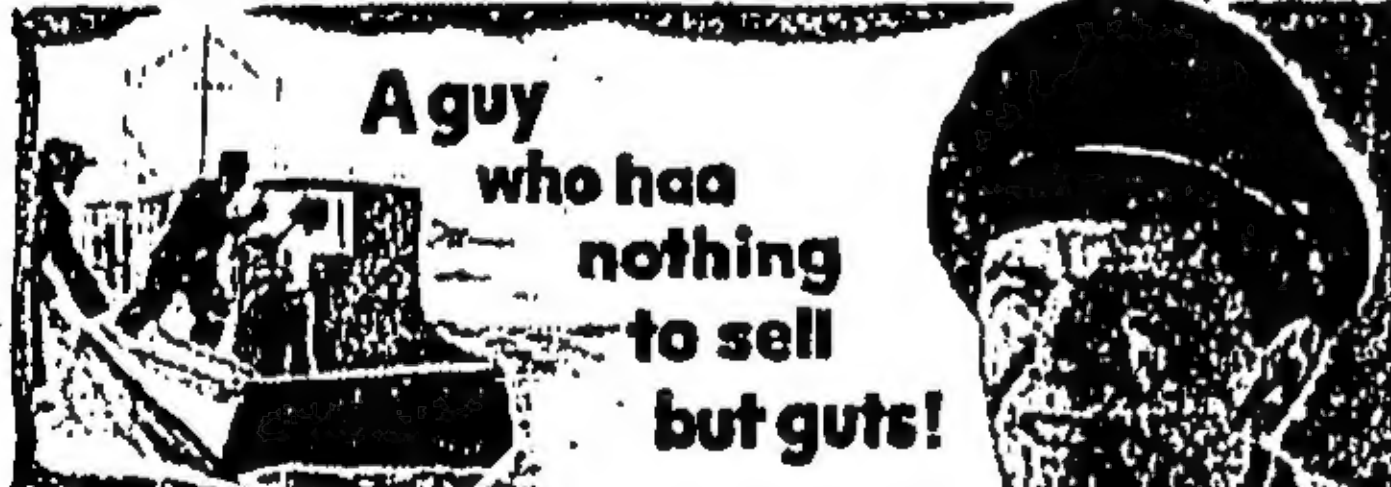
EMPIRE TO-MORROW

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON
Warner Brothers Presents
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"
Starring GREGORY PECK and VIRGINIA MAYO
COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR
Admission: \$1.00 and 70 Cts.

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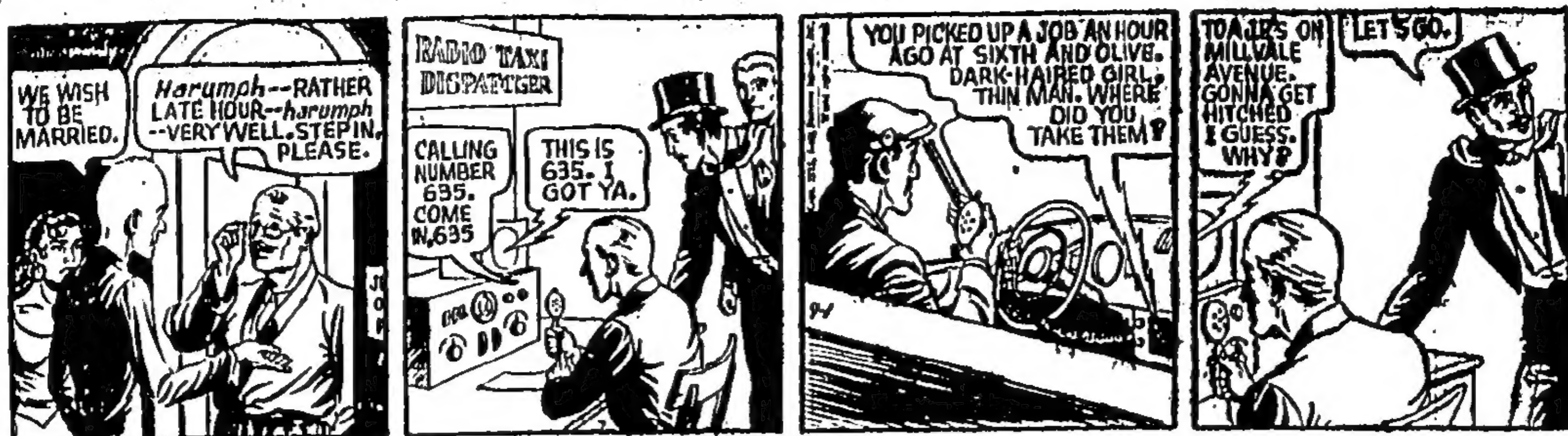
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Also, Latest 20th Century Fox Movietone News
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3 STOOGES COMEDIES
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
A New Programme of Technicolor Cartoons

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The big event of the week has been William Holden's visit to Hongkong while two of his pictures have been on "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" at the CAPITOL and "FOREVER FEMALE" at the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS. I understand that the next film celebrity to arrive will be Danny Kaye, towards the end of the month.

Unfortunately "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", which was to have followed "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" into the CAPITOL and LIBERTY, has had to be postponed for the same reason as "THE COMMAND" was at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA.

The EMPIRE will probably be showing "FOLLY TO BE WISE" after "FOREVER FEMALE" and at the KING'S and PRINCESS it'll be "JACK SLADE". The LEE is showing the British comedy, "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" concurrently with the GREAT WORLD and will possibly bring back Moira Shearer in "THE RED SHOES" after that. This is one for all ballet enthusiasts and the many young dancing pupils here.

"SEA OF LOST SHIPS" is the HOOVER's current show and they'll be following up with the tempting titled "WICKED WOMAN". The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA have "LUCKY ME" and "NIGHT PEOPLE" still draws audiences at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

"HALF A HERO" seems to preach that thrift doesn't pay. Skelton's penny-pinching, savings-minded boss is shown up as a hard-hearted, uncharitable slave driver, while Skelton's spendthrift wife is treated as a sympathetic character.

Getting into debt by buying a house too expensive for them is a praiseworthy project and, on the surface, all the old "play safe" axioms seem to be reversed.

With Red Skelton, playing his wife, is Jean Hagen, appearing as herself, in a roundhouse sequence.

"FOLLY TO BE WISE" is based on a play by James Bridle and has in the various established British favourites, Allan, Sim, Roland Culver, Martita Hunt and Elizabeth Allan.

"WEST'S WILDEST" "JACK SLADE" is based on the life of one of the Wild West's wildest personalities. He lived in the middle of the 19th century before the days of the railways, when the stage coach was the only means of travel between the various towns and posts of that rugged country. This must be a highly glamourised version of his short life history, although the fact he killed more than 20 men is apparently true.

The picture appears to be an attempt, if not to whitewash motives for his hatred of his fellow men. The relationship between his wife and himself is treated with sympathy and there's a suggestion that the man, ruthless killer as he was, was also capable of affection. Harrison MacLennan grimes his way through the picture as a drunken outlaw and in quite a small part is John Little.

I seem to remember I was quite rude about Donald Houston in "THE BLUE LAGOON"—or if I don't mean to be—but he's obviously found a picture much more to his taste. Kenneth More I liked even better than I did in "GENEVIEVE" due only very partially to the fact that he had a more sympathetic role and Donald Houston, the third professional failure, though slightly irritating at times, is an admirable complement to the trio.

A charge levelled at "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE"—among the almost unanimous praise it has drawn—is that the incidents in the lives of the four students are a little too unrelated. "I don't think they were so at all. The Dean, excellently and fittingly played by Geoffrey Keen) is one connecting link in the various situations. The whole thing is such good fun anyway that were it true it wouldn't matter.

Although Dirk Bogarde has a bigger name in pictures than Kenneth More I think the acting honours belong without doubt to the latter. Blue and heartily though his part was he was able to indicate quite subtly that there was feeling and intelligence beneath it all. I've never seen James Robertson Justice give a bad performance, so it's only necessary to say that he's also in "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE".

Incidentally, those of you admiring the clear, concise way in which Gaumont British report and film the news will be interested to know that the LEE Theatre has acquired the sole right of releasing Gaumont British Newsreels.

A PITY

And now to "LUCKY ME" in CinemaScope. What a pity that the makers of this picture, using a show business theme, didn't take advantage of the tremendous possibilities of this process for showing big production numbers.

In most of the song and dance sequences Doris Day is entirely alone and I found I wanted a little more than just her charming box prettiness to keep my attention on the vast screen.

One number is put over in a backyard, another in a hotel sitting room and yet another (a dream sequence again) to a background of nothing but twinkling lights.

If the songs had been hits then perhaps Doris could have kept the interest focused on her, without the help of a built-up background and more people, but the poor girl's material just didn't have "it".

A Scots number with Phil Silvers, Eddie Foy Jr. and Nancy Walker came over best of all, but even that was performed in an empty ballroom with a piano as the only real prop.

As two not very top notch variety artists, Eddie Foy Jr. and Nancy Walker, the latter well and truly, Robert Cummings looked remarkably handsome for the length of time he's been playing romantic leads.

Having moaned about the lack of imagination used in the actual production of the picture, let me say how I liked the colour. It's Warner Brothers' Widescreen colour and compares favourably with most others I've seen.

The actual screen image is more clear than some of its competitors too—I found less blurred outlines. Perhaps, having gone to "LUCKY ME" with very high hopes indeed—Doris Day, Robert Cummings and Phil Silvers being three of my favourites on the lighter side of entertainment—I expected too much.

I haven't mentioned the copper-haired beauty who had a supporting role. She really is a gorgeous girl and how clever of them to dress her almost entirely in shades of terra cotta and copper. Martha Hyer, in her name and I'd like to see more of her.

"SEA OF LOST SHIPS" is not in the North Atlantic, Jack Derek and Richard Jackson are in the American Coast Guard service and although great friends to start with (they've been brought up together) they are the inevitable enemies.

played by Wanda Hendrix. That excellent character actor, Walter Brennan, is also in the cast, as is Barton MacLennan.

It seems that the climax of the film is the rescue by the Coast Guard of a small tramp steamer caught in between gigantic icebergs. I haven't seen a preview of the picture, but as the particular thrill of seeing a ship in the grip of completely uncontrollable forces of nature, such as great towering icebergs, is one that hasn't been overplayed in recent pictures here, it should be a welcome change.

While we're on the subject of icebergs, I've had no more information as to when we can expect "HELL BELOW ZERO"—the film of Hammond Innes' best-seller "THE WHITE SOUTH", but "SEA OF LOST SHIPS" should put you in the mood for it, so to speak.

OVERPOWERING

From the Press Book, Richard Egan, the male lead in "WICKED WOMAN" looks like another "find". His type of face possesses all the individual features that make a Box Office idol—well shaped nose, full lips, strongly shaped eyebrows and dark, intelligent eyes. I don't know whether or not he can act, but that's not always a qualification for stardom!

I mention him before the wicked woman herself—Beverly Michaels—because from the story and photos she looks pretty overpowering and will get all the publicity she needs from the posters. The story centres entirely around the woman and her "femme fatale" qualities. Richard Egan is one of her

victims and a rather repulsive looking little man called Percy Helton another.

Clarence Greene and Richard Rouse are the team responsible for the screenplay, production and direction—as they were in "THE THIEF", so the treatment should be unusual. The emphasis is on the seamy side of life, so you'd better not take the children.

PRESPECTA STEREPHONIC SOUND

Three of the big film companies—MGM, Paramount and Warner Brothers—arranged a demonstration of Prespecta Stereophonic Sound yesterday. The technical description of it says that it's a system for obtaining directional Stereophonic Sound through the medium of a single standard width optical track, which enables a theatre to reproduce multi-channel Stereophonic Sound without using prints on which sound tracks have been magnetically recorded.

Briefly this means that from the three speakers hidden behind the screen the sound can either be spread to cover the whole screen, pinpointed to the right or left, or slowly follow the actor whose voice it's picking up.

From the point of view of the cinema owner it's a paying proposition, as the Integrator Unit, which is the only main installation needed in addition to what he's using already, only costs about HK\$5,000. And from the viewer's angle, the comparatively low cost means that the owner won't have begged himself with an expensive installation and have to economise correspondingly.

Meeting Mr Holden..

As you may have gathered from Films—Current and Coming, William Holden has been one of my favourites for a long time. It was with some misgivings then that I went to meet the great man in person—so many film stars are very different propositions off the screen.

You can gather my real life impressions when I say that as far as I'm concerned, William Holden can appear in the next out and out horror of a film (though that's hardly possible) and the column won't even murmur!

Off screen he looks far younger than in his pictures and there's a complete absence of flamboyance in his conversation. The Ginger Rogers, in "FOREVER FEMALE" is just as true of him—he actually is charming in the nicest possible sense of the word.

He told me that his present trip is mostly business and will remain so until he gets to Rome via Tokyo, Calcutta and places en route. The business side is connected with Paramount's new television process which I described back in March.

In Rome he will meet his wife and his daughter and then he'll be back in London. He said that he wasn't planning to start working on a film again until September.

Actually this is a well earned rest, as since June last year he's made "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO", "EXECUTIVE SUITE", "THE MOON IS BLUE", "SABRINA FAIR" and the one he's just recently completed, "COUNTRY GIRL". Four films a year has been his average in the past, but it'll probably be less than this in the future, two for Paramount and one independent picture.

SINGLE-MINDED

Unlike many film actors, William Holden is completely single-minded about his work. He's not acted on the stage since his college days in Pasadena and is very happy with the somewhat roving schedule to which a film actor is inevitably committed.

Every picture begins with a new beginning and new contacts—he mentioned a few such as working with the Army in "FORT BRAVO" with a Task Force off Japan, riding in Mexico and flying with the American Air Force for another picture. There's no

double pull from stage and screen for this actor.

When I asked him about the challenging slogan coined by the film industry that "films are better than ever" he said that he thought that though it hadn't been true for the past few years, the very real threat represented by television (at least in America) was forcing film companies to be more courageous and experimental.

Instead of repeating the formula after one type of film had made a hit, they were beginning to realise that the public's interest would flag again if they merely rested on their oars.

In his opinion too they were following the right lines by making more pictures with an international appeal. While nationalism was a very fine thing in its limited way, it wouldn't sell American pictures in world markets and they were designed just as much for these as for home audiences.

OLD CHESTNUT

I mentioned that old chestnut about juvenile delinquency and the bad influence on children attributed to films and was glad to discover that he shared my views.

We both thought that an awful lot of rubbish was talked about this and that while boys might imitate the mannerisms of such screen toughies as Bogart, Robinson and Cagney, the actual film incidents left little impression at all.

The maxim that a picture is worth a thousand words in the case of films just wasn't true—comics and blood and thunder books were far more harmful. My overall impression of William Holden was of a man seriously interested in his work, but with a sense of humour which stripped the concentration of any pomposity. Impatient of exhibitionism and—did I say before—good looking?

—Jane Roberts

COMING TO

THE KING'S PRINCESS

MARK STEVENS

Jack Slade

AN ADVENTURE PICTURE

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW! EXTRA PERFORMANCE "Lucky Me" AT 11.30 A.M.

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK

Owing to length of picture please note change of times: AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

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GREGORY PECK · BRODERICK CRAWFORD
ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subjects "TOURNAMENT OF ROSES" in Technicolor
Admission At Usual Prices
SUNDAY, (13th JUNE) MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 Noon

ROXY BROADWAY
RKO Radio presents "BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE" In Technicolor
Starring Robert NEWTON Linda DARNELL
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by 20th Century-Fox & Warner Brothers

Reduced Admission
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COMING ATTRACTION

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BRITISH MOVIE TONE NEWS 20th CENTURY-FOX

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Comic Strip Raises Farmers' Ire

Sydney.

Love of animals established an Australian artist as one of this country's top comic strip creator whose work has won the praise of education authorities.

This same strong love for animals also brought Nan Fullarton numerous vehement protests from farmers, who objected to her strip advocating the suspension of the virus killer myxomatosis in Australia's war against rabbits.

World known scientist professor Julian Huxley, during a visit here, was drawn to comment, "most peculiar thing I saw in Australia was a comic strip which had a rabbit recovering from myxomatosis as its hero."

Experiment In House Building

Khartoum, Sudan.

The Carlsberg Block Press, a South African invention which compresses earth into house building blocks, is being tried out by the Sudanese Government with a view to stepping up the country's lagging housing programme.

The blocks, which contain nine per cent cement, are being used in this house-building experiment at Omdurman.

The project is relatively small, but rather ambitious. The 24 houses, designed by the Sudanese Public Works Department and being built from the earthen blocks, will have two rooms, each 15 feet by 12 feet, a third room 15 feet by nine feet, six inches, a kitchen, shower bath, and a simple toilet tank latrine.

The total cost of each house is expected to cost about 1,120 dollars—about 500 dollars lower than the nearest tender by a contractor.

The Sudanese Government had found it necessary to find ways to provide adequate, but cheaply-built homes to keep their housing programme abreast of the steady drift of people from country areas to the towns.

AN IMPASSE

In this vast country of scattered communities struggling against the natural poverty of a land, many parts of which are desert or swamp, the land, mental of any building programme need, simple erection and cost, have settled each other towards an impasse which only the government, put out in an effort to overcome.

Manufacturers of the Carlsberg Block Press claimed that their machine would double Sudan's building rate and reduce costs. A number of the Presses, manufactured in the Kimberley factory of the South African engineer of Swedish origin who invented the machine, J. B. Carlsberg, had been used successfully in South Africa for about three years.

The Press is of simple design and the motivating power is compressed air. The daily seven-hour output of a Sudanese operator averages 800 blocks. An automatic re-loading system enables the machine to maintain continual production.

Daily reports on the work at the Omdurman site say the rapid erection of homes has supported the purely statistical evidence of the machine's advantages.—United Press.

CATS WON'T RAT

Montevideo, Dipsinia, Italy.

In this mountain town, east of Naples, the cats of the town have rattled. They have become so accustomed to fun-and-games with the local mice that they won't fight any more. The townfolk have appealed to the Mayor to toss the whole lot and kaboodle out of town.—United Press.

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Rabbits are the great grey plague of Australia, causing yearly damage estimated at 10 million pounds for every one of the 10 million sheep and 10 million cattle.

A country woman, myself, I appreciate the courage that is shown by our Australian scientists, but surely our scientists deserve a more humane method of extermination than myxomatosis," said Miss Fullarton, who in private life is Mrs. J. B. Carlsberg, mother of 14, and daughter Christina.

One does not need to be a biologist to be shocked at the thought of torturing that little creature, a rabbit, to produce a more humane method of extermination than myxomatosis," said Miss Fullarton, who in private life is Mrs. J. B. Carlsberg, mother of 14, and daughter Christina.

Frisky in the name of the rabbit which Mrs. Fullarton has made the central character in her weekly strip in the daily cartoon series, Frisky, contracted myxomatosis, but with the help of his friends, the constant care of his mother, and an anti-toxin injection, he recovered.

CHERISHED HOPE

Mrs. Fullarton admitted the farmers' protests. But claimed, "my other readers—as many adults as children—seem to have followed the course of his life with anxiety, and finally relief."

"I cherish the hope that a future generation of Australian farmers, brought up on 'Frisky' will have the use of myxomatosis as a means of extermination," he said. "Of course, I think, a humane alternative, the rabbit could eventually take over the country and Australia would be lost to the Empire."

About Frisky's creation and life, Mrs. Fullarton says:

"It was as the mother of a young child that I first conceived the idea of a comic strip which could avoid unwholesome sensationalism and yet be exciting enough to hold the interest of children and, at the same time, contain a certain educational value."

"Originally 'Frisky' the rabbit was to be merely an ubiquitous little character used as a medium through which the other animals were to be introduced. Soon I found, however, that 'Frisky' had taken complete charge of the strip and had developed such a definite personality that I was forced to accept him as the central character and to allow the other animals to take a secondary place."

"He's a sturdy, kindly, little person full of initiative and resource, utterly reliable in a crisis (and Goodness knows there are plenty!) and quite extraordinarily brave."

VERY FULL LIFE

Miss Fullarton's Frisky has led a very full life these last five years. His journeys include a trip to the Antarctic on the back of a seal, sailing nearly the full length of the 1,200-mile Murray River, as well as many

adventures in tropical Queensland and the dusty "outback." Miss Fullarton describes how Frisky "befriended a New Australian—a squirrel—and was befriended by Uncle Francis, the walrus, a kindly old gentleman who immigrated here from the cold North many, many years ago. A visiting family of industrious American beavers also have reason to be grateful to him. And what scores of our own koalas, kangaroos, wombats, bandicoots, possums and others would do, if he had not recovered from myxomatosis, I can't bear to imagine."

Frisky's latest adventures are in educational films for infants and lower school grades. The strips contain a wealth of educational material cleverly camouflaged behind a well-drawn screen of entertainment. Miss Fullarton spends much time in study in her "colossal private library" and at museums to make her strips reveal the true-to-life images of Australian animals.—United Press.

Students To Have Own Mine

Brisbane.

Students at the School of Mining Engineering, University of Queensland, have their own mine to work in.

Future engineers and metallurgists learn the practical side of their work at an abandoned silver, lead and zinc mine, the Indorootoply, bought by the School of Mining in 1951.

Bit by bit, the mine has been re-conditioned by succeeding classes of students, who have opened up two shafts, two main adits (openings or passages), an open-cut area, and a half a mile of underground workings.

The old Indorootoply is being used as an underground laboratory for mining surveying, applied geology, ventilation and dust surveys, sampling and compilation of ore reserves.

The University's Chair of Mining was established in March, 1950.—United Press.

A Social Precedent

Johannesburg.

For the first time coloured (half-caste) debutantes are to be presented to the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, Mr and Mrs A. F. Keen, in July.

Position in the "social register" will have no bearing on the selection of girls to be presented. The "playgirl" will have no place at the "coming out ball."

Participation in social welfare, educational, cultural or sports work will be the deciding factor.

Sixty-five girls between the ages of 18 and 20 will be selected. Many will make their courtship wearing dresses made by themselves.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Now that I got these drums for my birthday, you and Mom will have to learn to play something so I can keep time!"

The Library Of One Million Volumes

Geneva.

More than 1,000,000 volumes of dusty bound parchments and finely-printed, state-sealed papers are housed in the marble Palace of Nations to tell the story of 100 years of man's struggle to preserve peace and freedom.

This is the library of the European office of the United Nations in Geneva, a city that saw rise and fall of the League of Nations and which today watches the efforts of the world's most prominent diplomats thrash out the bloody problems of the war-ravaged lands of Korea and Indo-China.

The library was built with funds given by American millionaire-philanthropist John D. Rockefeller. It occupies an entire east wing of the giant 1,000,000-dollar palace structure, with its 10 stories of methodically classified books.

The main entrance of the library faces the blue-green waters of Lake Lemman which reaches out to a view of unparalleled beauty with the snow-topped peaks of Mont Blanc rising in the distance.

On the ground floor are the offices of the library staff, committee rooms and rooms for studying manuscripts, the photo-stat library and the newspaper store room.

From the entrance hall two large flights of stairs lead to the first floor. Here are situated the enquiry office, the catalogues and the rooms. At fresco by the Norwegian painter Sorenson covers the entire wall.

MILES OF SHELVES

More than 25½ miles of dull, bronze-metal shelves run their zig-zag way through the rooms which hold the carefully stacked and numbered documents.

The Chief Librarian will show at random the "collection of ancient Russian law from 1049 onwards"—in 171 volumes. The only known complete copy, or the laws of tiny republic of San Marino, Liberia or the Vatican City.

The library contains all the documents of the League of Nations as well as on the various attempts to set up associations

for the final establishment of peace in the world.

There are also a series of symbolic engravings of 1849 showing the "Universal and Democratic Republic" where "Justice" can be seen in the sky while Kings and soldiers flee. A statue of the republic showing in her hand the scales of the Rights of Man. A procession of workmen in smocks and black-coated intellectual workers marching together. Triumphant chariots of peace loaded with children.

There are files containing more than 3,000 letters from men who have, in one year or another, paved the way for the League of Nations. Through their pages the voices are heard again of Emilio Zola, Leo Tolstoy, Alfred Nobel, Theodore Herzl and Henri Dunant.—United Press.

A GRATEFUL PILGRIM

Rome.

The last pilgrim of the 1050 Roman Catholic Holy year is still going strong. He's Giuseppe Console, 48, a tax assessor of Putignano, near Bari, who walked 10 days to St Peter's in Rome four years ago to pray for the cure of his paralysed wife, Caterina. He returned to find his wife improved and for four years now has been walking to every church in Italy to express thanks. He has worn out 35 pairs of shoes and has about 500 miles to go.—United Press.

Stiff German Competition

Leopoldville, Belgian Congo.

German businessmen are cutting into British business and even threatening some US firms in this highly-competitive Central African market, a survey showed.

Trade officials here said that in their hungry search for postwar markets, the Germans were eating into this area by means of "generous credits, prompt delivery, good after-sale service and a general approach that nothing is too much trouble to win customers."

Starting with practically no business here after World War II, German exporters moved ahead of the Union of South Africa and France during the past four years to take fourth place in this rapidly-expanding market. Belgium herself rides first in the import business here, with United States a healthy second and Britain definitely third.

Latest official figures on the values of imports to the Belgian Congo and the attached territory of Ruanda-Urundi for 1953 showed the following (in Belgian francs):

From Belgium—8,934,375,040; USA—4,177,050,558; Britain—1,262,475,471; Germany—806,490,737; France—612,571,611; Union of South Africa—500,507,021. Total imports were valued at 18,000,870,485 francs for the year.

Authorities here said the Germans had made particular headway in selling motor vehicles, food products, machinery, tools, chemical and electrical goods and precision instruments. The German prices have been attractive—electrical equipment sometimes 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than the similar American products.

"One of the most important things," a customer of a big German firm explained, "is that the Germans take the trouble to tailor their products for this specific market. The British don't always do this."

Although imports into this West Central African trade centre must be made with permits, the permits have been freely available for most products in the past few years. Although there are less than 80,000 Europeans here, the expanding native market numbers 12,000,000.—United Press.

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NEWS FROM HOME

(in pictures)



RIGHT: Johnny Longden, top American jockey, who rode the Irish horse, Blue Sail, in the recent Derby at Epsom. He finished tenth, but said he had a good ride. Longden rode in the American style, with short stirrups. He has ridden more than 4,400 winners. (Express).



THE Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the 17-year-old Princess Alexandra, snapped at the Chelsea Flower Show. They are seen by the giant marquee, which covered nearly 3½ acres, and which was packed with exhibits of massed flowers and vegetables. (Express).



TWO girls, dressed as crusaders, wheel in a giant cake for Lord Beaverbrook to cut at the luncheon in London honouring his 75th birthday. The party was given by the staff of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. (Express).



PRINCESS MARGARET inspecting the Officer Cadets at the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School passing out parade recently. On extreme left is Senior Under Officer R. W. Horrell (The Devonshire Regiment), to whom the Princess awarded the Sam Browne belt of merit. (Army News).



THE QUEEN and other members of the Royal Family were guests at the wedding of Viscount Althorp, 30, son of Lord Spencer, and Miss Frances Roche, 18-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Fermay. The newlyweds are seen leaving Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was held. (Reuterphoto).



BALLET dancers went to the National Film Theatre in London last week to see the only existing film of Pavlova dancing. The film was made in 1924. Toasting Madame Rambert at a party after the film are (second from left to right) Alicia Markova, Beryl Grey and Violetta Elvin. (Express).



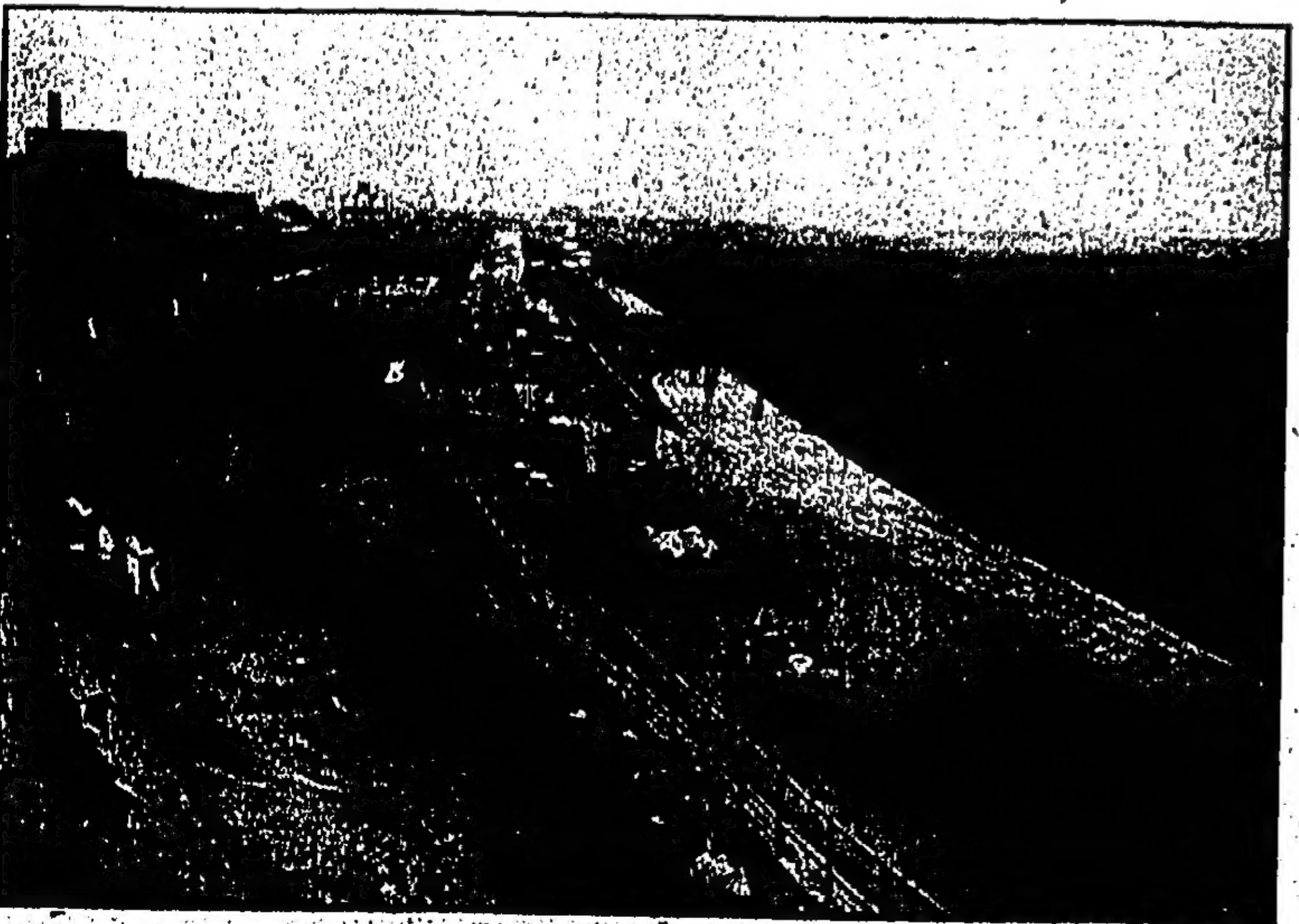
LONDONERS ponder over one of a brain-teasing collection of sculptures at the 1954 International Outdoor Sculpture Exhibition in Holland Park, Kensington. This is entitled "Seated Man," by 23-year-old Elisabeth Frink, of London. (Express).



THE American Evangelist, Billy Graham, (right) and his wife are shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks at a farewell dinner at the Dorchester in London which marked the close of Mr. Graham's three-month-long "Greater London Crusade." (Express).



THE Duke of Windsor pictured at Victoria Station, London, when he travelled from Paris recently to attend to "personal business." The Duke, who was carrying a bright green velvet hat, was met by the Earl of Dudley, with whom he stayed at King's Langley, Hertfordshire. (Express).



THE race for sports cars which opened the international motor racing meeting, the first to be held on the new Aintree circuit. The track runs most of the way alongside the Grand National course, some of the jumps of which can be seen on the right of the picture.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY BOX
MILK
CHOCOLATES

JOE WON'T HOBNOB

By EVELYN IRONS

CAPTAIN JOHN McKEE-NORTON, who fought with the Grenadier Guards in North Africa, will meet 50 other ex-officers and men of the Household Brigade to do some beer-drinking in a public house next Tuesday evening.

Just another reunion? A reunion, yes—but with a difference. For the pub is German and it is in New York City. It is because it serves beer in pint glasses. And the men are one of the 200 who have joined the newly formed Household Brigade Old Comrades Association in America.

"Members are still coming in," says Norton, who started the idea. He is a toilet firm executive in New York and is married to a niece of the Duke of Alba.

But there are, of course, troubles. Chief is the notion that the Association is a snobbish lot. Some men refuse to join because of that. "Too snobbish for me," said battle-hardened, 53-year-old Joe Dunn, whom I found on duty in an elegant dark blue and gold uniform at the main entrance of the Plaza, one of Manhattan's plush hotels.

Tushman Dunn has been here for some 30 years and is now an American citizen but has not lost the bluster of his Irish Kildare. He was wounded while serving with the 1st Bn. Guards on the Somme in 1917 at the age of 17.

£100 A WEEK

Joe has no wish to hobnob with the swells after he leaves the Plaza doorway of an evening. "I was never even an NCO and I would feel awkward among all these officers," he says.

Doermen in New York's best hotels make more than most Guards officers at home—up to £100 a week.

Such an attitude, as I can see, is highly displeasing to the officers, who are organising the get-together of guardsmen.

Brigadier Jack Trenchard, president of the Association who lives in New York as vice-president of the English-Speaking Union, told me: "This thing is completely democratic. From its discouraging other ranks, we want them to be members. Our object is to keep all guardsmen in America in touch with each other and to help each other in every way we can."

Annual subscription is two dollars, although those who can afford it are encouraged to give more.

THREE STARS

America's expatriates include three Hollywood stars: Cary Grant, who was in the Irish Guards; Ray Milland, wartime trooper in the Blues; and Victor MacLure, who was a corporal of horse in the Life Guards.

Sons of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, former British envoy to United Nations, and of Sir Evelyn Duxon, who has succeeded him, belong to the Association.

You even find a guardsman in the New York subway. 48-year-old John Pollock, a conductor (at £1,600 a year) on a train shunting under Lexington Avenue, was a guardsman in the Irish Guards before he emigrated to America 25 years ago. He married an Irish girl and they have a daughter aged 12.

Pollock won't have it that the association is a snobbish outfit. "There are certainly a lot of officers," he said, "but they are all very nice."

IS THIS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS?

By Les Armour

WHEN the world shrieks to its end, there will still be somebody cursing somebody.

The other day Coventry had a preview of the end of the world. It turned into a shouting match.

It wasn't that Coventry lacked experience of catastrophe. Hitler did his best to give the townsmen a good idea of what the end of the world might be like.

But the City Council has decided that there is something pathetically ludicrous about bringing out buckets of sand and rolls of bandages to meet an H-bomb.

The Government does not agree.

To prove its point, the Home Office sent a mobile column to pretend that the H-bomb had come—and to show the townsmen what they ought to do about it.

Somebody involved had a particularly nasty sense of self-righteousness. Part of the script, blared over loudspeakers, read: "The public spirited volunteers of Coventry are disappointed by the council... Some of your own relatives or friends might be among those trapped in agony waiting through seemingly endless hours before

the vehicles you now see could really be here.

From the other side of the street, the councillors shouted "Hibel" and "slander" from more loudspeakers.

One old woman took a swing at a councillor with a bird-egg which was supposed to be all she had saved as she "fed" her home.

Laugh if you like. But what is going on in Coventry is almost certainly a microcosm of the reactions of a bewildered world.

★ The Government wants to proceed with "business as usual." No one knows quite what will happen if the H-bomb comes. Buckets and bandages are something at least.

Coventry Council refuses to be lulled into the kind of mock security which "Civil Defence" provides. The councillors think that, by having nothing to do with it, they may impress on somebody the brute fact that the only hope is to realise that you just can't play with H-bombs.

They refuse to have any truck with anyone who believes that an H-bomb is even humanly conceivable. It is a desperate view. But it is humanly understandable—even though, if it ever does happen, there will have to be somebody there with an ambulance and a bandage making the best of it.



"You told your constituents you needed it for food, old man"

London Express Service

No time for comedy where girls are engine-drivers

ACCENT ON WOMEN

Rene MacColl reporting from Moscow

THE 20-year-old swimmer in Moscow University's large indoor pool was doing his best with a crawl stroke, but the coach in the track suit trotting along the edge was not satisfied and kept up a stream of sharp admonition.

What made this scene unusual? The swimmer was being coached and scolded by a young woman.

Russia is a woman's country all right, but not quite in the sense in which people talk of America as being one.

Here a woman has exactly equal rights and opportunities—and pay packets—as the men in every conceivable field.

It is even open to women to join Malenkov, Krushchev, Kaganovitch, and the others on the Supreme Council that rules Russia. So far none has made this particular grade—but it would not surprise me at all if some day soon one of these eyes-looking, earnest, and intensely competent Russian women were to do so.

Russian women are engineers, doctors, and steamroller drivers and truckers. That girl at the wheel of my Moscow trolleybus in dense traffic the other day was a very good driver.

Russian women shine shoes in the street, mend roads, inspect sewers.

Russian women are long-distance train conductors and top level engineers and hotel administrators (a managing director).

At these talks with the British, American men that have been going on here, our men have been back to back with women in many of the Russian teams of negotiators and girls was flown up specially from a Black Sea port to advise on a shipping deal and women, moreover, who obviously know their jobs backwards.

Russian women are check-weighers and judges and "bread-fighters" for peace. And thousands of them are doctors and organic chemists and museum guides. (I reported the other day on the £30-a-week woman who showed me round the Lenin Museum.)

Russian women dream not of winning a football pool but of copping a Stalin prize worth maybe £20,000 for some bright idea.

But they tend to regard life as sober, life as earnest. They more often than not have a most serious, not to say bleak, expression on their faces. Not for them the easy jest, the frivolous word.

'Why not?'

I TRIED paying my museum guide a mild compliment, but it fell to earth with a thud. I said to the interpreter to please tell the guide how impressed I was by the minute knowledge she had of all the exhibits in the many and crowded galleries through which she shepherded me.

When this was translated the guide frowned and replied: "But since I am a guide of the museum, why should I not possess this knowledge?"

As you were saying, MacColl? Russian women are anything but smart in appearance (although they are trying to remedy things by way of the fashion displays I reported on the other day). But by and large, the women who crowd the pavements and shops are by our standards almost impossibly dressed.

The other day I was on Gorki Street when suddenly I thought I was confronted by a mirage.

Coming towards me, beautiful as dawn over the Sahara, was what I can only describe as a golden girl.

She wore a pert little hat on her spun gold hair, which was immaculately coiffed. Her blue eyes danced against a marvelously fresh complexion.

Her slim figure was set off by a very good two-piece suit, pure white and edged with gay embroidery. Sheer kaprons (as Russians call their nylons) and high-heeled pumps completed this unlooked-for apparition.

Sensation

HER passing created a sensation. Everywhere heads turned and jaws fell agape. This girl was pretty and well-dressed by any standards, no question about that. But it was the sheer force of contrast against the general utility drabness of the other women's clothes that hit you between the eyes.

I suppose she was a member of the Ukrainian ballet that is performing here now. But

whoever she was, she brought a momentary sparkle to a generally unsparking scene, like the dart of a kingfisher on a grey day.

At Moscow University in its enormous skyscraper, the young girl students would make you blink at the complete lack of grooming, the absence of make-up or lipstick.

At the university, so I am told, it is considered rather bad form to go in for make-up, and any girl so indulging tends to be frowned on by her fellows. Better for a woman to wind up with a cheerful of metals than the right tint of eye shadow.

Heroines

I HAVE just been looking through a monthly magazine called Soviet Woman "devoted to political and social problems, literature and art." Titles of articles run along the lines of "Loyal devotion to duty," "Fighting for peace," "Glorious daughters of the Soviet people," and "Ardent champion of women's rights."

I found a message of greeting from none other than Mrs Violet Fletcher, vice-chairman of the Wolverhampton and District Peace Council, who was here not long since.

There is a piece about woman artist Serafima Ryangina, of whom the magazine says: "She shows us women architects, builders, and agronomists taking part in the great transformations effected in our country."

"Her heroines are distinguished for profound confidence in their powers and a deep sense of dignity—traits typical of Soviet women in general."

At the back we come down to earth with some "Hints to young housewives" which are pretty much the same the world over. (How to remove the odour from pork or mutton fat? Boil it with a little milk and then it will be as nice as butter for cooking with.)

If, if....

YES, there's no getting away from it, Russia's women have brought off some extraordinary achievement in nearly every field you can think of.

If they feel that, busy as they are, life's too short to bother about the way they look, well, they are entitled to that opinion (especially if the men don't kick too much).

But if on top of everything else the girls of Russia decide that they too are going in for the beauty business in a great big way and then proceed to tackle it with the massive efficiency they bring to pretty well all else—phew!

I NEVER knew that Lenin was doctored five marks at his school (called a "gymnasium") for indolence during the maths class.

Nor that in Lenin's office in the Kremlin there was a prominent notice saying "No smoking."

Nor that on the day—August 30, 1918—that Mme. Kaplan tried to assassinate Lenin (she fired four shots at point-blank range, missed twice, but hit him in the left arm and the shoulder blade with the other

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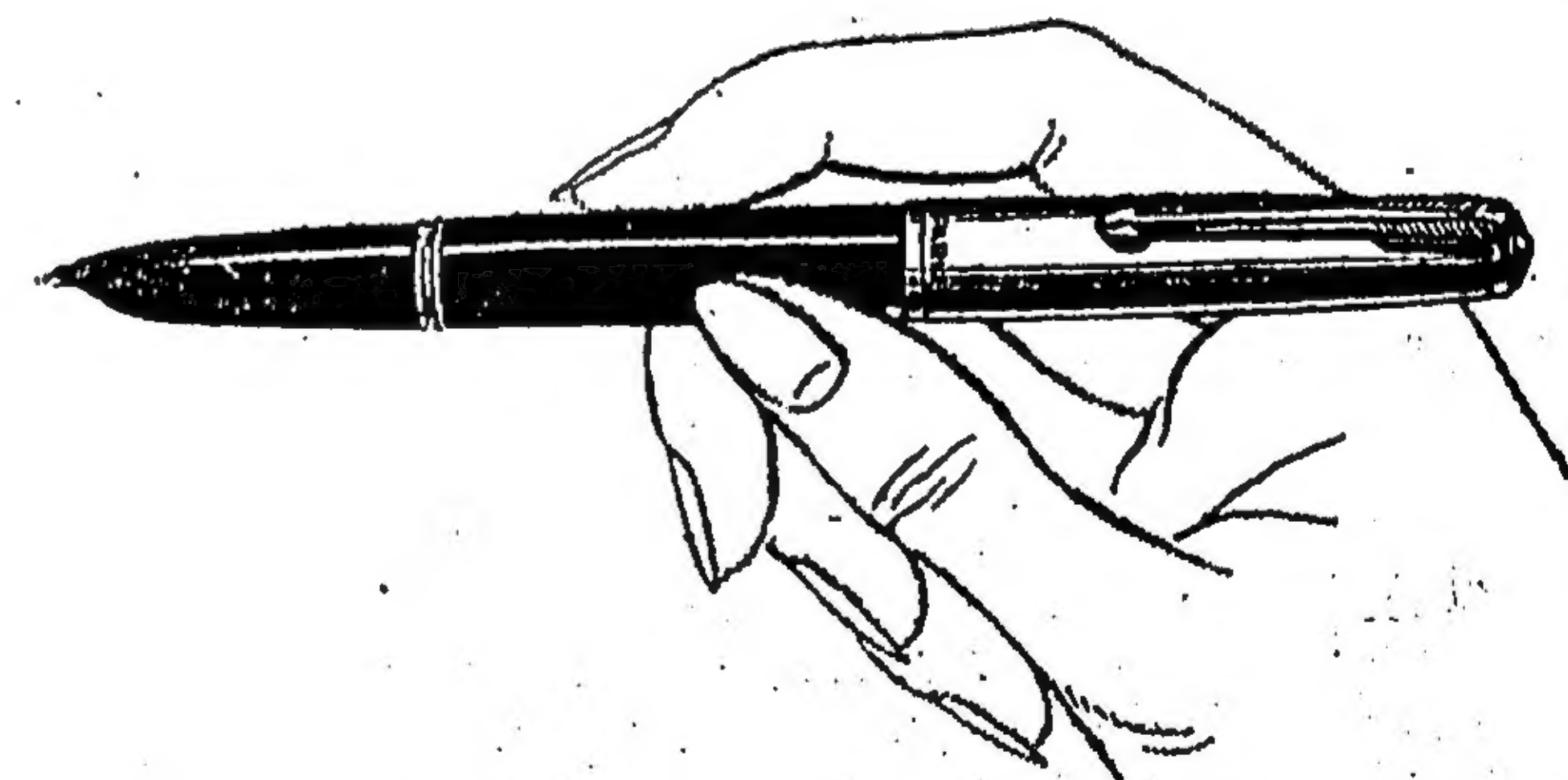
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Danny sucked a pebble on the beach to save £1000

by GEORGE WHITING

HE was gasping for a drink on the beach at Brighton — but not for him the solace of a cup of tea or a quick one round the corner. All they would let him have was a pebble to suck.

Of course, he COULD have broken training and swallowed a quart of lemonade, but it would have been an expensive drink. Any such departure from the strict line of duty would have cost him £1,000, the price they were paying him for a shot at the bantam-weight championship of Europe — at 8 st. 6 lb. and not a pennyweight more.

So suck your pebble, Danny O'Sullivan. Make the weight. Wring yourself dry. How are you to know that Luis Romero, the Spanish ex-stonemason, once had the honour of killing a bull — and is shortly about to give a passable imitation of doing

THE FIGHT THAT FINISHED THE CHAMPION

ditto to you? Stay thirsty son. You need the money. Electrician O'Sullivan was a perky little cockney from Islington, orphaned at 17 by the sudden and tragic death of his father — a sewer man whose wages had had to be eked out by rough and ready pugilism. With four sisters and five younger brothers keeping him company in the chill of poverty, what else could Danny do but fight?

Enterprise was called for, so he won the amateur championship of Scotland — which is not bad for a cockney. Versatility was demanded, so he got a job in a gas-works — which is not bad for an electrician.

Amateurs buckled under his punches at home and in Burma, India, Malaya and Sumatra. Then in

1947 he confided to me over lunch in a City pub that he was about to turn professional. I told him he was a fool, but that if his mind were made up, I hoped he would never become a slave to the scales — denying himself sustenance to meet the arbitrary weight demands of the Marguessa of Queensberry.

Having known him since his early teens at the Lion Club at Hoxton, I was well aware that O'Sullivan had had to be half-boiled to make 8 st. 6 lb. for his amateur championship.

Professionalism in those conditions could certainly ensure reasonable creature comforts for his wife, Lily, and daughters, Pat and Carol. But it could also mean a mighty long and arduous sweat-session for father.

O'Sullivan prospered, at a pound or two over the odds and even got down to weight to take the British championship off the veteran West Herts pool publican, Teddy Gardner.

Four months later, on April 25, 1950, they matched him at Haringey for the European title with Romero, a swarthy southpaw from Barcelona. We rejoiced at Danny's big chance, stifled our doubts about his waist line and went off to the Crown and Anchor at Brighton to watch him train with one of his old "enemies," ex-champion Jackie Paterson — recruited because he like Romero, boxed right-foot forward.

Practised by now in the little white lies that become necessary to boxers when journalists are about, O'Sullivan assured us that everything was fine, that he would make the weight without discomfort or loss of strength. No mention of a gargle for breakfast or a bit of shingle for tea.

Whom was he kidding? Nobody but himself.

Early on the morning of the fight, O'Sullivan made his surreptitious way to Jack Solomon's gymnasium off Shaftesbury Avenue, made certain no spy from Spain was lurking about and hopped on the scales.

Not even his wife or his manager knew of the niggling doubts that had brought him hot-foot from Brighton hours before the official weigh-in at 1 o'clock.

Half a pound over — 8 st. 6½ lb. Not much you might think. Not would it be, if you were a bigger man, or if you had been satisfying your normal appetite for liquids these last three weeks — instead of turning yourself into brickdust. In those circumstances, how much more can you sweat, Mr O'Sullivan?

One hour to go. Eight ounces of stamina and tissue between you and a £1,000 Championship. So it's off to the Turkish baths, a desperate quest for perspiration in the hot room, a vigorous towelling, and a slow walk back to the weigh-in — so weak that you have to lean on the arm of a friend.

Tonight, somehow or other, you have to fight 15 three-minute rounds with the Spaniard. So put on the phony smile, shake hands with Romero, rib the reporters.

O'Sullivan came thus to the official scales at 8 st. 5½ lb. 6 oz., went to Miss at a French church in the West End and retired to rest for the afternoon. Romero, married 48 hours previously to the beautiful Paquita Foster, registered 8 st. 5½ lb. Fatigued by the unnatural bottle with unwanted ounces, O'Sullivan nevertheless boxed brilliantly, seeking by skill and the up-and-at-'em streak of Irish in his blood to postpone the inevitable. Danny did his damndest to snatch that title and please those members of the public who knowing little and caring less about weight reduction, demanded action.

Romero, square-set, chunky and flat-footed in the manner of old-time fighters, shot his southpaw right hand at the back of O'Sullivan's head, and pulled him on to a left hook to the liver. O'Sullivan stood for it. A strong man can outsmart such manoeuvres, but not when

you have left your sap in a Turkish bath.

Twice in the first round Romero knocked O'Sullivan over with vicious left-handers, and having shown who was boss, the Spaniard kept it that way. Had Romero adopted the usual southpaw style of leading with his right, O'Sullivan might have stood a chance with his own right hand; but Luis did nearly all his business with the left, thus denying O'Sullivan the usual counters against a "wrong way round" boxer.

O'Sullivan, moving clock-wise to avoid that menacing left hand, used his feet well enough to make Romero forsake hooking for swinging — but too many of those smashweight punches to the body reached their target. "Take a count!" roared O'Sullivan's seconds as their weary but still defiant little man hit the floor.

O'Sullivan took a count all right. Eleven times — twice in the first round, once in the second, once in the fifth, twice in the seventh, once in the tenth and four times in the thirteenth. At that stage, with all hope of further retaliation gone, grey-haired Arthur Koch, the Swedish referee, came humanely to O'Sullivan's rescue.

So home you go, Danny O'Sullivan — home to hot towels, with hazel, and that tight feeling in the throat that tells you you've been licked. "That fight finished me for good and always," O'Sullivan told me again only this week. "Romero and the weight business did me more harm than any other fight I ever had. It should have been stopped sooner, but nobody told me to quit, so I just kept going till I couldn't say any more."

No, I was not cut about 1 reck on the only marks were on my brain. I felt as though I was in another world. I



DANNY O'SULLIVAN TODAY. With his wife and daughters, Pat, nine, and Carol, six.

Romero had hit me much more I probably would have been Ask my wife."

Mrs O'Sullivan offered quick and lively corroboration.

"I sat at the ringside with Danny's mother," she told me at her home at Southall. "It was dreadful — heart-breaking. Both of us were too choked to talk. We just sat there watching wondering why nobody got up to stop it. It was awful, and I shall never forget that night. Think goodness those days are over."

Twice more O'Sullivan reduced himself to 8 st. 6½ lb. Victor flattened him 20 times in ten rounds in Johannesburg — a grim world record in a world title fight. Peter Keenan took the British title from him in Glasgow.

On November 20, 1951, Ronnie Clayton beat him in the

fifth round of an overweight match at the Royal Albert Hall.

Next morning, O'Sullivan called at my office to admit at last that the fire in his fist was spent, and that he had hit back for the last time. The end had come — and none too soon.

Yet only a few weeks ago this same Danny O'Sullivan called me into an Albert Hall dressing room and told me he was contemplating a comeback — to help his young brother Dickie in Australia. What did I think of the idea?

I advised him to stay put. Electricians in gasworks do not have to suck pebbles when they need a drink.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The original horizontal champion.

IT'S A YEAR SINCE THE BERLIN RISING

By JULIUS GOULD

JUNE 17, a date now rapidly approaching, has become a black day in the Communist calendar. For on that day last year the Kremlin received the rudest of shocks: with the world's press as witness, the people of East Berlin, the East German satellite "capital," marched against their Communist masters.

It was a tough month for the men in Moscow. Secretly the fight between Beria and Malenkov was reaching its climax. On June 1 the "peace" of satellite Czechoslovakia had been broken at Pilsen... and portraits of dead heroes, of Stalin and Gottwald, were publicly abused.

Then on June 17, there was uproar in the Russians' most westerly outpost. Not only in Berlin, but in Magdeburg, Halle, Leipzig and many other places, the puppet government of Grotewohl and Ulbricht was challenged in the streets.

After a day of confusion, the Soviet Army came to the rescue. And by the evening of June 18 the Russians had summarily executed Willi Goettling, an alleged "ring-leader," and they were, of course, blaming "American hirelings and fascist thugs" for the whole affair.

Unfinished Story

The Communists would, no doubt, like to rewrite history that way and to claim that June 17 was a famous victory for them. Nothing could be further from the truth. The June rising was no isolated event engineered by American "thugs." Even Moscow knew that. The propaganda line was intended for the fools and dupes — for those who will accept any slander on the working class so long as it is made in Russian!

No; the June rising, and its failure, can be understood only in a wider, more plausible setting. For it forms part of an unfinished story, the story of popular resistance in Communist Europe.

The German troubles were far more serious and widespread than the Communists cared to admit. The reprisals were severe and prolonged; almost a year later they were still in

progress, and echoes of the rising could be heard in official propaganda. The rising, as the Communists knew, was a spontaneous protest against protracted political tyranny and economic chaos.

A year before, in 1952, Stalin's East German agents had adopted a policy of tough Sovietisation — "full-steam ahead," with collective farms and the expansion of heavy industry at the expense of the workers' standards of living. The results had been disastrous. Doctrinaire economics, linked to the strategic interests of the Soviet bloc, spelled hardship and hunger.

Sudden Dispute

Now Stalin was dead; and already in early June the East German Government was making some concessions to the much-abused middle-class and the farmers. Then came the sudden dispute with the Berlin building workers over the hated system of labour norms. And in the prevailing mood of uncertainty, with the struggle for power in Russia still unresolved, the urban workers of the Eastern Zone tried a brief, heroic gesture of defiance.

They took a chance, a chance foredoomed. The Kremlin may have been rocking with the Berlin-Malenkov feud. The local Communists dithered, and the Soviet Army Command on the spot stood by its principal directive: "Keep the Soviet empire intact." Once the Soviet Army is within the gates, it is the real master — and it knows it. It was through its guns and tanks that Ulbricht gained control over his workers. And the whole world could see it. Communists everywhere breathed again and rejoiced. Still weeping for the Rosenbergs, they spared neither thought nor tears for Willi Goettling. As usual they welcomed a new phase in Moscow's war upon the working class.

For the most interesting feature of the June rising was its working class origins. The crowd which streamed down the

Stalin Allee was neither "bourgeois" nor "fascist." It was made up of ordinary people drawn from the very class upon which, in theory, Communist power rests. Exasperated at the arbitrary work norms and other continuous forms of exploitation, they took their lives in their hands. They knew how near the Soviet Army was and they knew also that the Stalin Allee was not built for such heretic demonstrations.

Was it possible that old derided ideas about genuine freedom for industrial workers had lain dormant for so long and that "social democracy," assailed alike by Hitler and Ulbricht, still retained some lingering appeal in East Berlin?

Certainly some such ideas were in the air — and some of the Communist leaders seemed to have sensed their strength. One of these was Max Fechner, Minister of the Interior, who made a rash reference on June 30 to the "right to strike" under the East German Constitution. Such men were rapidly disposed of as swimmers. Fechner was replaced by "Red Hilde" Benjamins, the notorious People's "Judge."

Once the leaders had decided upon the economic consequences of their "New Course," they redoubled their political grip on the country. Small wonder, then, that Grotewohl and Ulbricht fear free elections like the plague; small wonder that preparations for the 1954 Communist Party Congress (March 30-April 6) in Eastern Germany included a barrage of warnings against "the evils of social democracy."

A Warning

What were the results of June 17, 1953? In the short run, the rising may have made it more difficult for Russia to disarm her German puppets as a tactical manoeuvre — if, indeed, she ever seriously intended to do so. It must have been a warning to the other satellites that, boiling point had been reached and that concessions could not be delayed.

But, above all, Berlin gave warning and example to the free world. When Willi Goettling met his executioners on June 18 he symbolised the agony of millions, and stood as a sombre warning to millions more. For dissidents, for scapegoats, for all those who stand up for their rights, the Communist answer is the firing squad. This was the lesson of June 17.

• He calls himself Father Divine. He also calls himself god — and thousands of his followers believe this to be literally true. He is a man who lives like a millionaire, yet pays no income tax.

THE MAN WHO BANNED 'HELLO'

By Harold M. Harris

WHEN heaven came to Sayville, Long Island, not far from New York city, the neighbours objected. Its exact address was 72, Macon Street, and the householder's name was Major J. Devine. He lived there with his wife, Peninah, and about 20 other coloured people.

Ten years later, by the end of the 1920's, there were 40. With the depression pandemic came to Sayville. The announcement of banquets every Sunday at 72, Macon Street brought New York's destitute Negroes in their droves. A great feast awaited them — mounds of chicken, ham, beef, vegetables, ice-cream, coffee, chocolate. Everything was free.

After they had satisfied their hunger Major Devine told them he was god. They believed him. Soon he had ninety disciples, all in regular employment, contributing their entire earnings to the upkeep of god's dwelling.

In 1930 he made his first white converts — some of them wealthy. The Sunday crowds overflowed into the garden, into Macon Street itself, singing, clapping, stamping, in the fervour of their ecstasy. Major Devine, whose real name is George Baker, transformed himself again. He became Father Divine.

Pretty Spy

When the neighbours asked him to leave, he declined. They sent a pretty mulatto spy to find evidence of immorality and, if necessary, to provoke it. Sharing a double bed in the women's dormitory she found that sex was outlawed in heaven. Even Father and Mother Divine led celibate lives, she was told.

Although her mission failed, Father Divine was charged with being a public nuisance. Ignoring protestations by the faithful that the prisoner was god, Judge Lewis J. Smith sentenced him to a year in gaol and a fine of 500 dollars. Exactly ten days later Judge Smith died. A message came from Father's prison cell. It was short and dignified. It said simply: "I hated to do it."

The Divine Peace Mission movement had got off to a flying start. But its founder, who was destined for even greater triumphs, had already travelled far. His own account of his origin ("I was combusted one day in 1900 on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 134th Street in Harlem") is precise, but does not square with the evidence. George Baker was born around 1880 in the Negro poverty of the Deep South.

On His Own

He served his divine apprenticeship with one Father Jehovah, who had proclaimed himself the Father Eternal. It was in a Brooklyn flat that he set up on his own account.

There he laid down the principles which his followers (with only a few backsliders) have obeyed to the letter ever since. He was their only god. They must cast out every other loyalty, including human affection and family attachments. Any sex expression, even between husbands and wives, was a glaring black sin.

Telling his followers that he had come from another world to achieve racial equality, he abolished discrimination by the simple process of not recognising the existence of colour. Though his own complexion is chocolate brown, Father stoutly maintains that it is not, and employs two photographers who use special techniques to prove his point.

No Debts

He enjoins absolute honesty on his followers. They are never in debt. They do not drink, or smoke, or swear ("Hello" is banned as a greeting, and a disciple has been known to refer to "Amsterdam as Amsterbleess"). These strange worlds of fantasy he calls his heavens — a great chain of missions, rooming-houses, apartment houses and hotels — are full of Divine angels. The movement's property in New York, Philadelphia, and Newark alone is worth more than six million dollars. He lives like a millionaire, but even the devoted efforts of the tax collectors have failed to dis-

prove his statement that he possesses nothing at all. Yet this man who has never paid a cent in income-tax

can take his pick from a fleet of Cadillacs.

Employs 28 secretaries, some white, some coloured, all pretty and highly efficient; maintains luxurious private suites in his heavens; Numbers four personal waitresses in his permanent retinue.

Case History

Where does the money come from? The movement is organised as a combine of small co-operatives, in which his followers band together and invest their money and their labours. They run hotels, restaurants, laundries, groceries, barber shops, coal businesses. In 1948 they bought a Newark hotel and the purchasing delegation had with them suitcases containing the money: half a million dollars in cash.

Who are these devoted people? You can read the case histories of many in a book just published. They have names like Miss Buncha Love, Mr Wisdom Smiling, Mr Sincere Satisfying, Miss Smile All The While, Miss Sweet Soul. The white angels are mostly social misfits, cranks who have found Divine after retracing their spiritual steps from other eccentric de-se-ces.

But the coloured followers are in a different category. They are the ones who have been rescued from the agony of existence in a world which had rejected them. To them Father brought escape, life, hope, love.

A Boast

"Here I sit and there I stand, with everybody lovin' lovin' me," he croons, and this boast at least is no idle one. They express their love in frenzied vibrations of joy and adoration as they scream: "You is beautiful, Father. You is so pretty, Father. Oh, Father Divine, how cute you is."

And Father, who is only five feet tall, squatly built, completely bald, looks complacently in the mirror he keeps on the table and nods in agreement. In their love for him are sublimated the sex instincts which he has banished from their lives. Future generations are quite simply not necessary, for Father has said: "I do not believe in people getting sick and getting old and decrepit." What answer is there to his dogmatic assertion: "My true followers do not die"? If they do die they must have been disloyal. Otherwise they would still be alive.

Therefore, the consequences of Father Divine's own death (and he is already in his seventies) are pitiable to contemplate. We may laugh at his comical mixture of grandeur and buffoonery, but thousands of his followers believe firmly that life without him — their god, husband, wife, father, mother — is not to be endured. It is hard to escape the conclusion that many will act tragically on this belief when time makes a sham of his immortality.

"The Incredible Father Divine," by Sara Harris, Allen, 16s.



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CHAPTER SIX OF AN EX-KING'S PERSONAL STORY

THE AXIS PACT: AND I DECIDE TO ACT

By Ex-King Peter Of Yugoslavia

IT was during our journey to the summer camp at Blod, between Milocer and Split (parts of the Dalmatian coast populated by Croats) that I first heard the people shouting "Long Live Mathek!" as well as "Long Live the King!"

Mathek was then President of the Croatian Peasant Party and leader of the Croat Opposition to the Government.

There were also Croat flags hanging beside the traditional Yugoslav standards when we arrived in Split.

The reception of the population was even warmer than usual but these incidents stood out.

My mother and I left Blod for Tuzla the evening before the fatal day of September 1. Upon our arrival at the station in Tuzla we were informed that World War II had begun.

Two days later England declared war on Germany. My opinion was that we and Rumania should immediately do the same.

It seemed to me that against the overwhelming force of a simultaneous attack by Poland, England, France, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, the Germans would not have much of a chance.

★ ★ ★

BUT our Government decided that the crisis did not concern us and that we would remain in a strict neutrality, which seemed to me to be a most dishonourable attitude for us to take.

I listened, whenever possible, to every news broadcast, and slowly began to modify my opinions about the conduct of our Government. The war in Poland was practically over.

The Poles were decimating themselves to few planes but what could they do with their cavalry and their inferior Army and air force equipment against Hitler's Stukas and Panzer divisions?

All that the British and French had done was to declare war, send a few planes over Germany dropping leaflets, and a couple of patrols into the Saar.

This was all very disillusioning to me, for I had thought that the mighty French Army and the British Expeditionary Force were going to launch a violent attack against the Siegfried Line, and I expected great things from the R.A.F.

It seemed to me that had we attacked Germany we should possibly have had a few early victories, but would have been wiped out as soon as Hitler had finished with Poland. We were also very worried about what the Italians might do.

In the middle of September we returned to Dedjine, where I prepared for my coming law and military studies. I was also fitted out with my cadet uniform. With other cadets from the Military Academy I went to the local drill field or to a firing range a few miles south of Belgrade.

One afternoon a 15-year-old Renault tank stopped, clanking in front of us.

I and another cadet were allowed to get into the turret, which was armed with a machinegun, while the others crowded outside.

After a few deafening explosions the engine roared forward and we began to move along at a walking pace.

★ ★ ★

WE descended a steep incline, crossed a miniature stream, and slowly climbed up the opposite bank. Half-way up the incline the right track came off and the crew took about 20 minutes to put it on again. It was only after considerable difficulties that we got the engine started again.

As we were climbing another tank came from the back, and flames began to lick around it. We immediately abandoned the tank.

We were all extremely discouraged by this demonstration, but nevertheless were amused by it and by the expression of faces. About 40 of the 50 tanks which were the mainstay of the Yugoslav Artillery Tank Corps were quite useless.

Here Vlado Wolfert taught me German. He was a Volksgenosse, an oversized, violent Nazi with a Hitler moustache.

He insisted on teaching us German grammar down to the last detail and on making us write Gothic characters. He

dwelt continually on the glories of the Niebelungen, which I was compelled to recite. Into his praise of the Niebelungen he always worked a little Nazi propaganda. He was the "heroic professor" type. I cannot say that I hated him, but most certainly despised him.

One day I felt so bored with his German propaganda that I decided to take my revenge. The Axis ten-minute recreation between each lesson of German was over during these intervals I had managed to get hold of a very powerful and rapidly effective purgative, and hid it in Vlado's cup.

After five minutes of reporting on Hitler's latest victories, he asked to be excused.

★ ★ ★

AT the end of November my mother went to England. I was quite alone in the palace except for the staff of whom I had only one, my valet, who had come to me on my father's death as the closest to me.

About the same time my uncle, Prince Paul, the Regent, explained to me how both we and the German democratic part of the world were in a helpless position.

He said that it was our national duty to maintain and build up our strength while the greater democratic nations were preparing their offensive against Germany. So that we might participate in it when it came, on an equal footing.

★ ★ ★

On holiday at Plautitz, Slovenia, I was very keen to attempt a ski jump. My A.D.C., a colonel, said that it was out of the question. I persisted him a much, however, that he applied to my uncle for permission, though advising him at the same time to withhold it.

I telephoned my uncle directly, thereby upsetting the colonel's plans, telling him that it was not dangerous at all. A complete time as far as skiing was concerned, my uncle merely said: "Peter, you can go ahead, you have my permission."

I asked him to repeat this to the colonel, to whom I handed the message. The colonel went white with rage, but dared say no more than "I understand, your Highness."

★ ★ ★

THE person who was deeply shocked by my decision to attempt a ski jump was my uncle, who was not only a skier but a very good one. He was also a very good skier.

The next day I made three jumps on the training track, the longest of which was 20 metres—the record was 30 metres.

I joined a battalion of mountain troops on ski. The next day the commanding officer collected us. He gave me a rucksack, a shovel, binoculars, a white cape to carry, and a miniature Mauser machine-pistol.

Then we set off with sealisks on our skis for a march of about six miles high up in the mountains. When we halted on the border line of a small forest he asked me to point out how many soldiers I could see from where we were.

After looking around for quite a while I succeeded in seeing two, and pointed them out to him. But there were really 30.

He blew a whistle and soldiers started emerging from the most unexpected places, all wearing white capes.

I was informed that the greatest problem encountered by ski troops was that of hiding their ski tracks.

The formation was the newest and best equipped in our army, and the men had been recruited from among the most rugged mountain regions. Though their training was very severe, they enjoyed better general treatment than any other troops in our army.

★ ★ ★

At a Government-managed aircraft factory, making Dornier 17 bombers under licence, King Peter commented on the slowness of production.

I had given the wrong specifications, and that when measurements had been checked on the four Dornier planes in the factory, it was found that they did not correspond.

A commission had been sent to Germany to discover where the error lay. All that I saw and heard in this Government-run factory was a great disillusionment to me.

Early in 1940 the King went for a car drive in the "bandit country" of Negotin.

ONCE my father and mother were driving there, and first their police car got stuck in the mud and, some time later, their own car. My father went to look for help.

She had not been there long when a wild-looking man emerged from the bushes near by and asked her fiercely: "Who are you?" She told him that she was the Queen, whereupon his attitude changed.

You must put away your revolver," he said in a kindly way, "and we will do what we can." She told him that the King had gone to get help and the bandit went to find him, first warning her that she must shout at the top of her voice that she was the Queen, so that none of his band would harm her.

He eventually returned with my father, some fellow bandits, and several axes, pulled the car to safe ground, and escorted us out of the area.

He explained that they would not harm the King, as they knew that he was a good man. The bandit was one of the henchmen of the notorious chief of the bandits, famous for robbing the rich and helping the poor.

It was fortunate that my parents had lost their police car earlier in the afternoon. For had they still been there, protected there would certainly have been a meeting with the bandits.

★ ★ ★

AT Neresnitsa I saw for the first time the gold mine belonging to my family. The mine had been opened by my father a couple of years before his death, and had only been producing for the last three years, so that it had just paid off the initial capital invested in it. It was of the alluvial type, and gold was washed in the river bed.

On September 6 (my birthday) I got my commission as second lieutenant, and my uniform was the Air Force one—happily without the Army shirt collar.

On the same day I unveiled the monument to my father in Lublana. The monument was later torn down by the Italians when they occupied Slovenia. It was their first act of violence there.

On September 20 we visited Slavonka Pozega, where I saw a parade of heavy artillery, kept here as the frontier was within easy reach.

The majority of the artillery was later captured on mass by the Germans. These heavy, often outdated weapons were no match for the "blitzkrieg."

On September 21 we went up to the northern defence line by car, where we inspected many bunkers and anti-tank defences. I was appalled to hear of the amount of money that had been spent on these fortifications, and very disrespectfully asked General Kosich why the generals had learnt nothing from the fiasco of the Maginot Line, and whether he did not think it would be wiser to spend the money on anti-tank guns, and tank destroyers which are mobile.

"Majesty," he answered, "we who have had so much experience know better about such things than someone as young as you."

★ ★ ★

I USED to go some two or three times a week to my uncle's house. Reports came from our Minister in Berlin, who was having a difficult time in trying to postpone the moment of our signing the Three-Power Pact, and the question of permitting German troops to pass through Yugoslav territory.

★ ★ ★

After the performance I managed to corner a diplomat from England. I asked him about the general situation in England. He gave me a very gloomy picture.

I questioned him closely about British Army and Air Force equipment and their production, and again his answers were not very encouraging. I also asked him if, should we enter the war, it would be possible for Great Britain to supply us immediately with fighter aircraft, some light tanks, and troops to support us. He thought it most unlikely.

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Towards the end of October our company took part in a big-scale manoeuvre.

The whole General Staff observed these manoeuvres. I had occasion to meet and talk with this august body, and was duly impressed by their number, size and age, but certainly not by their knowledge.

Our men were always too heavily equipped. Each man carried his rifle, ammunition, a tent, primus stove, shovel and extra clothing.

After a night's march of a few miles to change position the men were so staggered by their destination completely exhausted.

★ ★ ★

I REMEMBER a conversation I had with a general of the old school, as we watched some motorised troops. I remarked enthusiastically that we needed yet more motorisation, and he replied: "Yes, I suppose this motorisation is quite a good thing—but what happens when we run out of gasoline?" Our bullocks were slower, but they didn't run out of gasoline.

On October 28, 1940, Greece was attacked by Italian troops from Albania. Within a few weeks it was obvious that the little Greek army was well able to hold its own.

Public opinion in Belgrade was restless. People were violently accusing our Government for its policy of appeasement. Students' demonstrations were taking place, and there was a strong feeling of discontent among the younger officers in the Army.

All-honour increased when German troops crossed the Rumanian and Bulgarian frontiers. A rumour began to circulate that Hitler was asking for our membership in the Three-Power Pact.

This Pact was concluded by Germany with Italy and Japan on September 27, 1940, and joined in November of the same year by Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

★ ★ ★

I WAS very confused in my thoughts, and all the more so a loss since all the obvious people to advise me, such as my uncle, General Kosich, my professors, and army instructors, gave me different answers.

We gave, as usual, one of our Christmas-time entertainments. I was producer and made it a more elaborate entertainment than usual.

After the performance I managed to corner a diplomat from England. I asked him about the general situation in England. He gave me a very gloomy picture.

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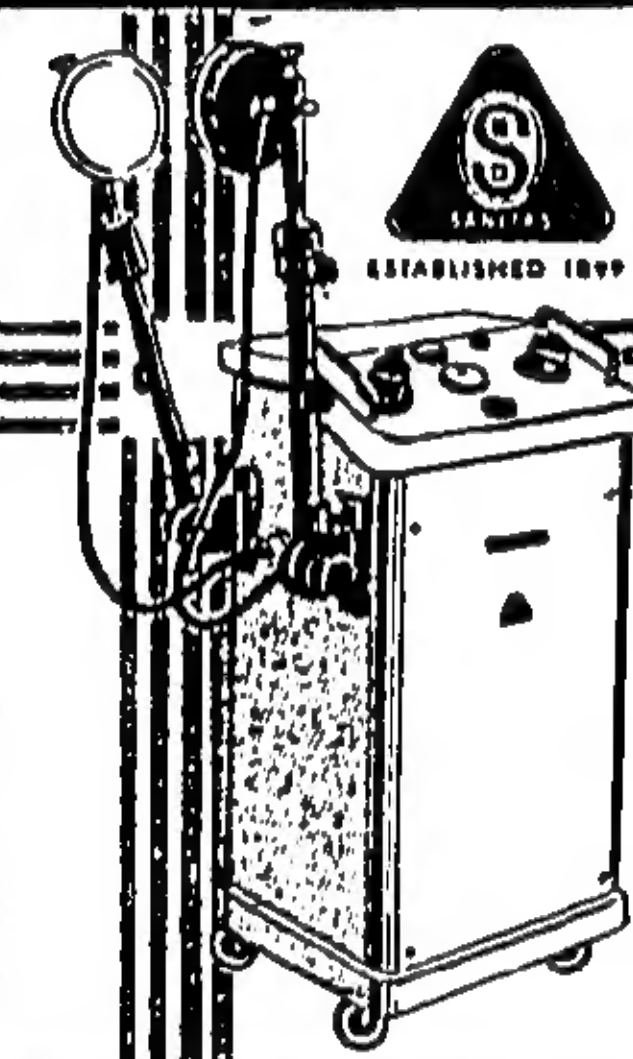
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One novelty of the Moulin Rouge dances is a 25-year-old American dancer from Texas, Doris Avila, who performs subtle modern dances.

"After dancing on Broadway, I came to France on a holiday," he said, "and on my first night I went to watch the Moulin Rouge show and they hired me for six months."—United Press.

I AM THE RINGER



EDGAR WALLACE

Let me take you inside the 'Edgar Wallace world' I lived in...

THE CHINA MAIL has decided to tell—largely in his own terms—the story of a crook. Has William Maurice Williams, owner of the racehorse Francasal and now a prisoner in Wormwood Scrubs, any claim on the attention of intelligent people?

Certainly he has...

BECAUSE HIS STORY lifts the fringe on the whole world of betting which touches millions of people's lives.

BECAUSE HIS STORY provides a precise portrait of a type bred in these days in greater numbers than people think.

BECAUSE HIS STORY provides also—and almost with an Edgar Wallace sense of climax and retribution—the portrait of a conspiracy and the things that can wreck all conspiracies.

2 p.m. at Bath... all my life had been leading up to this moment...

MILLIONS of words have been written about the racehorse Francasal. I am its registered owner. My name is Maurice Williams. I have been sent to prison for two years. No doubt you have read about my crime...

But what court report can ever take you completely

ly into one dream-rich afternoon in a man's life?

For a few hours the hopes, the ambitions of a lifetime nearly came true. A horse won—and there was £35,000—yes, £35,000 in the kitty.

It was the betting coup of the century. And it so very nearly came off. Had it not been for a man with a pair of wire-clippers it would have come off.

difficult to see through the rain haze. The race had gone 200 yards before he spotted the colours he wanted to see—chocolate and white.

And the jockey wearing those colours was out in front. It looked as though his horse was going to win.

Who can ever describe the feeling of a man when he sees a horse which will win him £35,000 ahead of the others, especially when it is the climax of a long betting career?

I knew how it felt. Because I was that man. Not only did I see the horse Francasal, I also saw Santa Amaro, which I switched with Francasal. The whole world now knows that the horse that ran as Francasal was really Santa Amaro.

For I am THE RINGER. Switching one animal for another on dog tracks has been my business. If you can call it a business.

ordinary punter who puts a few shillings on a horse does not understand and will never enter.

The people who live in this surreal, pressure-cooker world are as drugged with dreams as any opium smoker. It is the world of the professional gamblers.

Maurice Williams was one of these. His father, who kept a palm and wallpaper shop in Malden Road, Kenilworth, strongly disapproved of gambling.

He died at the age of 80 a few years ago, luckily not living to see his son become the central figure in the most sensational betting case of the century. For ever since he put his first shilling on a horse at the age of 15 the gambling life had held Maurice Williams in its octopus grip.



As I slipped my whisky I read the news.

NOTE:

So much for Maurice Williams' confusion. But the Francasal case was his first venture in horse-ringing. When Francasal passed the post it was the high point of his career, a shadowy career on the twilight fringe of life. He knew the world where no one works, where no one pays any income tax. It is a world of tight-lipped men who ask no questions.

It is a world where people have their pockets stuffed with dollars and alternately hysterical hope or grey despair in their hearts. It is a world which the



by MAURICE WILLIAMS

The owner of the racehorse Francasal

I became paralysed with excitement. I did not know whether it was the rain or perspiration, but I felt wet all over.

Had someone gone to the course to back the horse? Could it be that the bookmakers with whom the bet had been laid had scented a good thing? Had they got on before the wire service broke down?

Then the most chilling thought of all struck me. The thought which is the waking nightmare of all crooked conspirators: "Had I been double-crossed?"

I was soon to know. I read every edition of the evening newspapers as they came out. They were carrying reports that the police and the Jockey Club had been informed. Questions were being asked about Francasal.

But worse news was to follow. The newspapers said that bookmakers might find out payments on the winner pending an official decision.

Worry, worry

I WAS really worried now. I decided to ring up the 18 bookmakers with whom my £35,000 had been laid and claim my winnings.

The first bookmaker I phoned was Fred Truelove of Manchester, with whom the largest single bet had been placed.

When I said I wanted to claim £35,000 plus commission on Francasal, Mr Truelove sounded cheerful enough.

But he said: "That's all right, old boy, but of course you know we've been advised by the National Sporting League to withhold payment until the whole matter is cleared up. If they agree, your cheque will be sent on."



'So I rang up all 18 bookmakers.'

And next day? Well, then it really hit me.

Francasal and Santa Amaro were traced by the police and found together. It was established that one had been shed in this country. The other was still wearing the plates in which he had travelled from France.

All this was a shock to me. I had no idea we had blundered so grossly.

I, as the ignorant owner, was told that the horses had been identified because one of them, Santa Amaro, had two white spots the size of threepenny bits on its withers. This was probably caused by saddle rubbing. Francasal did not have these spots.

It was only then I realised what a mug I had been. When I rang one of my confederates up again he said

Shared taxi

THIS is what I did. I left the racecourse 10 minutes after Francasal had won the Stewards' Handicap. I ran across the road in the rain mist to a taxi.

I had to share it. My fellow fare was a short, weather-beaten man who said: "I am soaked through and I have had enough. I did not even have a bet."

I answered: "Nor did I."

It was, in fact, the truth. All the £35,000 had been placed off the course for me by the man I had appointed to manage the commission agent's business. I had bought it.

I had 40 minutes to wait for the train, so I went into a small cafe and had a cup of tea.

In London I bought an evening paper. Francasal's starting price had been returned at 10-1. The winnings had to be recalculated. But they still reached the sizable figure of £35,000.

While I turned this comforting information round in my head I decided to have a drink. I went into a public house—called, ironically enough, The Running Horse—and read the paper carefully. As I slipped my whisky I noticed a small paragraph which said: "A storm cut communications with Bath Racecourse."

I turned over the paper uninterestingly. It never occurred to me that this news item might have any significance for me.

A 24 bus took me home. I was there before seven. When my sister gave me two boiled eggs. I said: "I had a fair win today."

This—if my illicit winnings had ever been paid—I realise would rank as the gambling understatement of the century.

Pipe dream

DID I then decide to celebrate? No, it is not in my temperament.

I put on a pair of old flannels and a sports coat and went for a walk across Hampstead Heath. On my way back I joined some friends at the Railway Tavern near my home. I bought a modest round of drinks and went home.

Next morning I lay in bed luxuriously, puffing metaphorically at the gambler's pipe dream which had come true.

Then my sister handed me the papers. I jumped out of bed. The newspapers said that it was suspected that the blower wire to Bath Racecourse had been cut deliberately.

For some time, as I ate my breakfast, I did not fully realise the implications of this news. I still believed the most likely explanation was the storm. I was only concerned with the possible effect on my bets.

I could not see how the situation could affect them. Then I suddenly asked myself: Why had Francasal's price been reduced to 10-1 when its price in the morning papers had been forecast at 20-1?



THE HORSES THAT ARE ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

When a photographer went to Epsom last week to take this picture of Francasal and Santa Amaro, "which is which?" was still the question. A policeman said: "That's Francasal." "No, no," said the groom, "that's Santa Amaro." In the Racing Calendar a Jockey Club statement was published that the horses were "perpetually disqualified," and that Williams, Harry George Kestley, Gomer Charles, and Robert Victor Colquhoun Dill had been warned off "Newmarket Heath and all other places where the rules of racing are in force." And all bets on the race are void—except cash bets already settled.

I decided to telephone the other bookmakers. I can only describe my reception from them as mixed. One or two of them seemed happy enough. But some were exceedingly short with me. One called me a lot of nasty names. That evening the papers were carrying headlines about me. They asked, "Who is Maurice Williams?" or "Where is Maurice Williams?"

'Here he is'

MAURICE WILLIAMS went to the cinema to keep out of the way. It was a musical called "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The star was Betty Grable. But even she could not make me see all the film. I left half-way through. I felt I needed company.

So I went into a cafe which I use regularly. I was greeted by shouts of "Here comes the big racehorse owner."

Not one of the people in that cafe ever thought for a moment that I was really the Maurice Williams the papers were talking about.

At midnight I was unable to sleep. I paced across the Heath to Parliament Hill. For an hour and three-quarters and looked down on light-smoked London. I did not sleep well that night.

The Curio Dealer Is Being Forced Out

By TOM EYTON

CURIO dealers are slowly being forced out of business. For years now curio shops have flourished all over the Colony. Big and small... imposing or unimposing... on main roads or in back streets... all lending colour to this island.

Few people can resist these fascinating museums in miniature. There is something for everyone. Beautiful pottery, artistic carvings in jade and ivory, elegant statuettes in rose-wood, paintings on silk, tapestries, huge vases, wooden fishes with protruding eyes and antiques which once upon a time decorated temples, stately homes, and even palaces.

Why, then, with all this fiery to attract, and even command attention, should the day of the antique curio dealer be coming to an end. It all goes back to a decision made years ago in China, the source of fine arts and rare antiques as far as Hongkong is concerned. The Chinese said: "Why should our national treasures be sold all over the world. They should be kept in China where they belong. And so they shall. From now onwards no more antiques leave the country."

There has not yet been any widespread panic amongst the dealers in Hongkong as a result of this decision, but the effect is definitely being felt. Most of them have accumulated large stocks, which will enable them to stay in business for some time to come, but these stocks will not last indefinitely. A dealer sells a rare curio. Good, he makes his profit. But to stay in business he must have a replacement for the article he has sold—and China will not supply more.

What are most curio dealers like? To answer this question I visited a cross-section of the Colony's curio shops. I saw about a score in all, and the man who makes his living by selling bits and pieces from the

past appeared to be no different from the man who sells ice cream or silk shirts.

Admittedly his shop is different from any other kind of store. There is something strange and mysterious about a place which houses fantastically shaped ornaments and quaint old vases, many of which are centuries old. It is easy enough to imagine that if the antiques could speak, then some interesting, and perhaps weird, stories would be told.

To a person with little knowledge of antiques, and without the temperament to appreciate beauty, it must seem strange that a man should live and work amidst this legacy of ages gone by. After all, those grotesque figures would hardly make for good companions in the dead of night, whether they were superbly carved or not.

For all his strange surroundings a curio dealer lives like any other shopkeeper. Extremely courteous and quiet spoken, he looks far from aggressive when proudly showing some jade or ivory to a prospective buyer. But most people can put up a fight when their livelihood is threatened. He is no exception.

Because of the demand, there has developed a new type of smuggling. The people engaged in this trade make their living by smuggling rare antiques into Hongkong. Only the finest pieces are smuggled out of Red China, pieces that are certain to fetch high prices in Hongkong.

Many of these fine specimens come from once-wealthy homes on the Continent, whose members have become impoverished as a result of the political and social changes in the country, and are forced to sell some of their priceless family heirlooms to maintain life.

These smuggled goods find their way into the more prosperous shops, where a quick sale to a wealthy customer can be guaranteed. If the dealer has a special customer,

price can be fixed before the antique reaches Hongkong. The dealer knows the shortage of antiques and points this out to the would-be buyer. "Great risk," he whispers, and glances around to make sure no one is listening.

The buyer is impressed. He realises the truth in this statement and before long he has agreed to the dealer's terms. Part of this is to compensate the Chinese contact for the chances he takes. And the rest of the money... well that goes to the Hongkong dealer who makes a tidy sum in addition to his usual profit.

Some dealers are curiously not keen to sell the better pieces they acquire unless the customer's offer is really tempting. With an eye to the future and conscious of the empty spaces appearing on their shelves they are reluctant to part with any good stuff that comes their way.

The more unscrupulous are trying to palm off fakes on inexperienced collectors. One young man with a taste for jade so wormed his way into a dealer's confidence that he was told just how the rarities are smuggled into the Colony.

He was shown a jade ornament which the dealer claimed quite openly had been smuggled out of China. "Genuine," said the dealer. "Straight from China." The buyer was not an expert on jade, neither was he very rich, and when he handled the stone and found it to be slightly coarse he asked a friend, an expert, to have a look at it. Most people would have been taken in, not only by the dealer's persuasiveness but also by the stone's quality, for it took an expert to prove that the so-called genuine jade was nothing more than a very fine imitation. It was worth about \$50. The shopkeeper's price: \$500.

Antiques will continue to filter into Hongkong no matter what measures may be taken to stop the smugglers. But will

this help the small dealer? Not a bit. His shop is doomed.

Most small shops rely on the less expensive curios, and few of them have regular customers. Therefore they cannot afford to buy the expensive items being smuggled out, just on the off chance that a man will come along who is not only willing to spend a few thousand dollars but is willing to spend it in a dirty back street.

Few dealers have any plans for the future. They realise their predicament, but have no answer to the problem. Apparently they intend to hold fast. Most of them sell curios costing from a few dollars to a few hundred, and ivory and jade are their standbys. When I asked if jade and ivory carvings could be obtained in Hongkong most dealers said "No." Most local carving—and it is carried out on quite a large scale—is too rough.

It is true that a few brilliant craftsmen have come to Hongkong from China, and are carving ivory with all their old artistry. One man in particular is exceptionally talented, so much so that one piece cost as much as \$8,000.

For too high-priced a work for the small dealer to handle. He wants to sell smaller stuff which is of good workmanship and still will sell at a few hundred dollars. These are the things which tourists and others buy. He leaves the expensive pieces to dealers who are

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Fashion World's Latest

"Hat Trick"

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London.
If you're in London and you hear someone say that she is off to the Hat Library, don't imagine that the sun has gone to her head!

For a "Hat Library" has just opened, and it hopes to give women the same sort of service in hats which that well-known firm provides for men in every-thing from top hats to balaclavas. It's not really a "library" at all, that's just its name.

I recently visited the library for women, situated in a quiet street, and can't bring a hat for my recreation, and also, lively Mrs. Lily Arlen, one of the two partners who run the library. "I don't want to see just a hat," she said. "I want to see a hat that can be worn in the garden, for instance, and of something you can be wearing a model they'll wear only once."

Mrs. Arlen, and her partner, have named young Mrs. Esther Jeffries, both know the millinery business. Inside out. They explained that the library is "just what it sounds like, a lending library of hats. You simply select the one you want, pay a deposit and it's yours for a day."

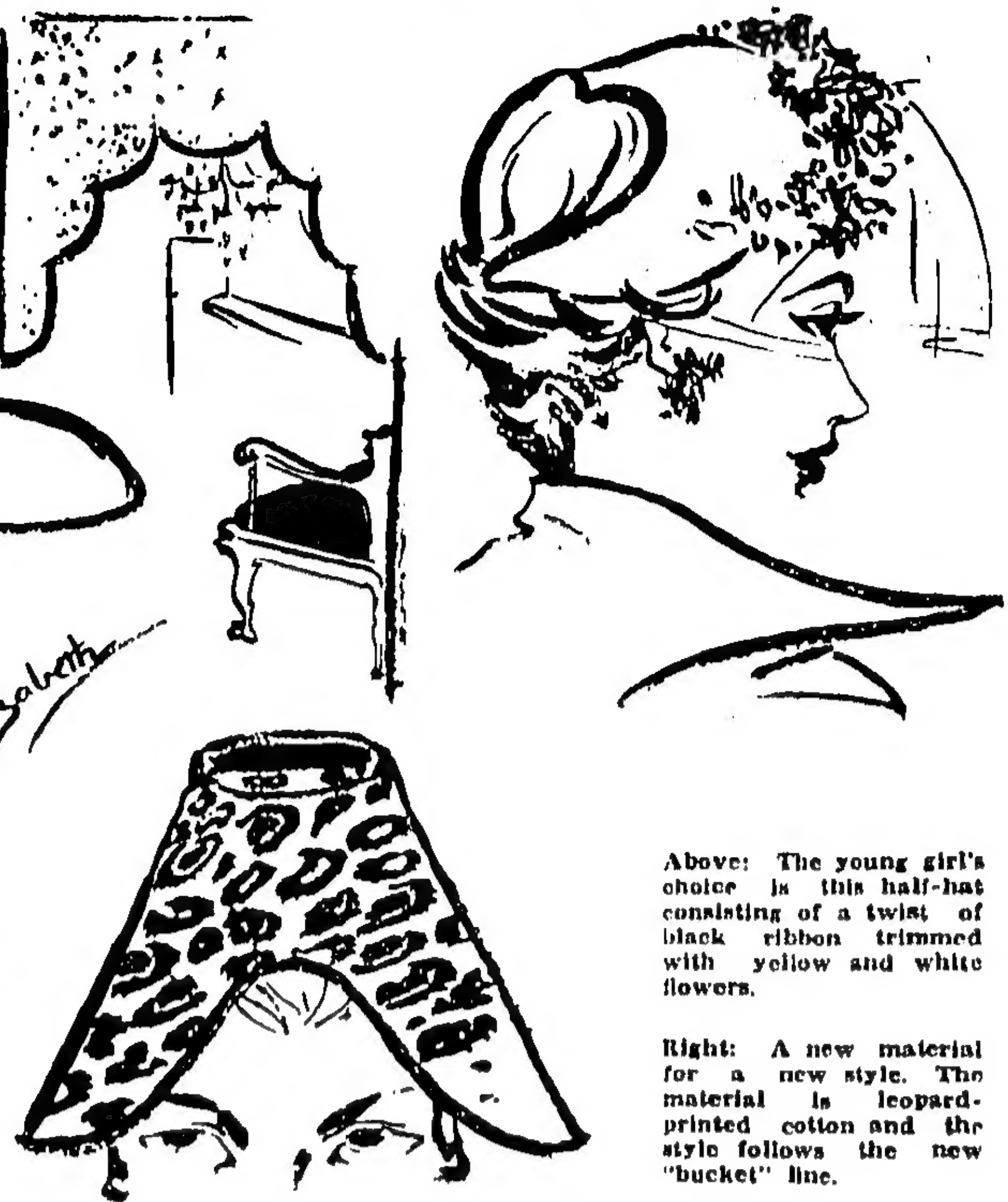
Three charges vary according to whether the model is a simple half hat or a hand-made Paris toque.

"Borrowers" are given a comfortable seat in front of a large mirror in the pink-and-blue shop, a collection of a hundred hats, full catalogues into their various sections to choose from, and a promise from the two librarians that there will be no "high-pressure sales talk."

"We don't encourage rush sales," said Mrs. Arlen. "Borrowers can browse around until they find what they want, they can look ahead and reserve a model for a special occasion. There's no duplication—we never look the same hat for the same occasion. So there's no chance of those unfortunate meetings—you know what I mean!"



Above: An "Ascot" hat for those who like to keep to the traditional black-brimmed style. This in stiffened black tulle, has a wide, wavy brim.



Above: The young girl's choice is this half-hat consisting of a twist of black ribbon trimmed with yellow and white flowers.

Right: A new material for a new style. The material is leopard-printed cotton and the style follows the new "bucket" line.

The Library contains hats for every imaginable occasion. Hats of all colours, shapes and sizes, fashionable models like bucket hats, "safe" styles like head-bag bonnets, popular models like big-brimmed Ascot hats. Such fabrics as leopard-printed cotton, such old favourites as buckramed silk jersey. Sophisticated colours like kingfisher blue, feminine colours like rose pink.

There's even a style for those who don't like wearing hats but must have something to cover their heads if they're going to a wedding, for instance. (See illustration, right, of the half-hat).

Mrs. Arlen and Mrs. Jeffries have thought of everything—even of a "hat steriliser". When a hat is returned, they put it into an air-tight cupboard, something like a glass-fronted refrigerator, and turn a knob. The temperature inside rises and the hat absorbs the fumes from the sterilising liquid.

As they "baked" a hat for me, I remarked that I had never

seen anything quite like it before. "I don't suppose you have," they said. "We had this made to our own specification. In the interests of hygiene, you know."

"But don't think our hats smell of disinfectant," they hastened to assure. "The liquid has a faintly aromatic scent, but it's not offensive."

Business ventures, like this one, are always a gamble. They may come off, or they may not. You stake your money and you take your chance.

Well, these two have staked their money and are prepared to take the chance because they think this is just the hat trick women have been waiting for.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU RUN UP AGAINST

A SNAG IN YOUR JOB

"WHY are personnel people so cold-blooded?" a young man writes.

"I have finally landed a good job, but in the process of getting it, I had lots of interviews with personnel directors, and some of them were so cold and rude and impersonal that I would lose all my confidence."

"As a group, it seems to me, they demoralise the job hunter. Why do they behave like that?"

Well, in the first place, that is not true of all personnel people, or even of many. But the one cold-blooded person we encounter poisons our thinking about the whole lot. Also, you must remember that, for a while, it was the custom to hire, for personnel jobs, the very scientific, factual person who frequently didn't have much warmth or intuition. Fortunately, that trend is changing now.

In addition, you must remember that the average personnel worker interviews so many people in one day that he, or she, being a member of the human race, does get tired, irritated, and sometimes snappish. So would you, if you interviewed all those people, with pressures and time limits and conflicting opinions from the top brass.

But, as I said before, the trend is changing for the better.

For example, one publishing house in New York has a personnel interviewer named Loreta Lunt, who typifies the new approach to this important field. Mrs. Lunt is a charming, warm-hearted woman with a genuine interest in people which sustains her through an overwhelming number of interviews per week.

Even when there is no job in sight for the particular applicant who approaches her, she treats him with such friendly tips, that he is forever grateful to her. Moreover, he forever after thinks of that particular publishing house as an excellent firm, and that is the kind of good public relations you couldn't get with a million-dollar budget.

Because Mrs. Lunt is such a successful person herself, I asked if she had any advice for young people, any particular pointers she had learned on her way up.

"Yes," she answered quickly. "I have. When you run up against a snag in your job, a difficult situation or a horrible person, don't resign and go

elsewhere. You'll only encounter the same problem all over again."

"The reason is that the problem is always within ourselves, and never in the other person or the situation. Face it where you are, and lick it where you are, or you'll run into it wherever you go!"

— Anne Heywood

Gypsy earrings take new form



A fashion's last fling is pictured above. The gipsy earring, the odd little fashion idea which everyone fell for and which is taking a long, long time to fall entirely out of favour, is back again in a new form, this time shaped like copper gongs.

The latest styles are made in beaten copper about the size of a penny, and the idea turned up in the place that launched the first gipsy earrings—Rome.

Grandmother Finds Fun, Profit In Jewellery

Durant, Okla. — A CREATIVE mind and a little work can put a woman in business, even if only a small business.

That's the way it is with Mrs. A. B. Rutherford, a 73-year-old grandmother, who makes and sells sea-shell jewellery.

Mrs. Rutherford, who is also an avid fisherman, began her unusual business in 1948 while recovering from a broken arm. They with her daughter in Memphis, Tenn., she saw a friend making sea-shell earrings, and decided she could do better.

"It started as a hobby, but friends wanted to buy, and now Mrs. Rutherford makes 'enough

Glasses Can Be Flattering

By LADY BOYLE

DO you wear glasses? I do when I go to the cinema, and I look for shapes to suit my face. But I notice that the women who wear glasses all the time always seem to choose frames that are conventional and dull.

It seems such a shame when manufacturers really do try and help you. After all, you can wear glasses and look attractive. Remember Marilyn Monroe in the film *How To Succeed In Love*. And, nearer home, I nominate Margaret Lockwood as someone who can wear glasses successfully when occasion demands.

The right shape of spectacles can accentuate your good points and minimise your bad ones. The frames can follow the arch of your eyebrows, the curve of a high cheek-bone, or a straight brow.

CREATE AN ILLUSION

"Cat's-eye" frames are ideal for round faces. They give real uplift, and take away inches from the width of the face. Spectacles can be made without an underneath rim, so that the natural beauty of the eye can still be seen. For the girl with a short nose, a frame set high on the bridge of the nose will give the illusion of length. The reverse shortens a long nose.

There are so many colours and materials to choose from. Black doesn't flatter every face, but if the frames are too heavy, they make you look owl-like.

Light tortoiseshell has a regency elegance, and looks just as smart in town or country.

Blue will bring out the colour of your eyes.

Green is tiny, but fun on a red-head.

Next time you're changing glasses, be adventurous.

BEAUTY AUTHORITY

These days I am under the spell of Mrs. Rose Laird. Mrs. Laird, an erect, youthful 78, was elected one of America's outstanding women of achievement in 1952. As an expert on beauty problems, she is a striking example of everything she preaches.

"Beauty never came out of a pot," she declares. Her approach is from the doctor's point of view, for she started her career with nine years in a skin clinic in Philadelphia.

The basis of beauty is keeping the normal functioning of the body up to the mark. Rose Laird maintains. Contrasting the humiliating problem skins of adolescence with the all-too-often faded bloom of maturity, she believes that far too many women look old at 40 because they neglected their skin at 14.

MASSAGE

After cleansing, smooth some cream over your face. Make a loose fist of each hand and, starting with the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat, move up to the chin, under the jawbone, out to the ear lobe, and behind the ear to the hairline. Start again at the base of the throat, work up the chin under the jawbone to the ear, and up to the temples. Knead the temples for a few moments, then continue to the forehead. Work extra hard around this area of the "frowning lines."

Next, place the hands at the chin, and "swirl" the knuckles up the expression lines to the corners of your mouth. Continue under the cheek-bone to the temple and over the forehead. Then place the knuckles at the temples, and with a rotary, kneading motion, continue under the eye towards the bridge of the nose, and over the eye, forming a complete circle.

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No Room For Pretensions In Marriage

London.
THANK heavens that the old stupid snobbery of "Not marrying beneath one's rank" is dead.

Or perhaps one should say nearly dead, because the Victorian prejudice still creeps back on occasion, like the father who recently went to Chelsea Domestic Court to object to his 18-year-old daughter's marriage.

His objection was not that his daughter was too young for marriage but that she wanted to wed a lorry driver and he thought she should marry "someone with a job in the civil service or on the railways."

MAGISTRATE'S DECISION

Like most young women today, who grew up through the reality of the war years and have earned their own livings, this girl was quite decided on the man to make her happy. And the magistrate, seeing her sincerity, allowed the marriage.

Half the happy and successful marriages that take place every day would never happen at all if other fathers held this antiquated view.

When the Earl of Dalkeith, one of the most eligible young men in England at the time, chose his bride, he ignored the society girls with strings to their necks and chose instead Jane McNeill, a pretty girl who had worked for her living as a model.

Lord Cowdray, too, when he married last year chose a secretary, Elizabeth Jackson. On her marriage to one of Britain's richest men she forsook her typewriter to become mistress of a 600-acre estate and a frequent hostess to the Royal Family.

MONEY NO BARRIER

Even the Royal Family have discarded their out-of-date ideas. The Earl of Harewood picked as his bride Marion Stedman, a gentle composer, who shared his love of music.

Money has proved no bar to successful marriage. Remember the Liberty heiress, Miss Jane Stewart-Liberty, who said good-bye willingly to her smart English circle of friends to settle on a boat in Corsica with her fisherman-husband, Toussaint Orsini?

"NO REGRETS"

Returning to London early this year looking radiant, she told her friends: "I have no regrets."

The Orsini now live in a tiny flat with no bathroom, where Madame Orsini does all the cooking, washing and housework and looks after her baby daughter.

And, of course, there is Gracie Fields, who chose as her third husband Boris Alperovitch, who worked in a local radio shop.

Brains have not been allowed by intelligent young women to stand in the way of happiness.

Economist Barbara Wootton, who was a Professor of Social Studies at London University, is now happily married to Mr. George Wright, a former London taxi driver.

Any of these titled, wealthy or intelligent people would have laughed at the idea they were marrying beneath them. And rightly so. In marriage there is no room for pretensions.

SUMMER FOOTNOTE

Iridescent patent that introduces rainbow colours on a black or gunmetal ground is something new for sandals. Wool jersey is another shoe fabric for Summer "casuals." It is trimmed with gunmetal bead trimming.

Blue is forecast for Autumn wardrobes. Paris and London designers are buying jewel-blue fabrics for their coming collections.

I have been looking at the blue shades of shoe leathers that will go with the Autumn styles.

BUTCH BOB THE NEXT?

New York.
THE next thing, girls, is the butch bob. Or you might call it the crew or the burr.

Larry Matthews, who runs an all-night beauty shop catering to show people, says the next hair style to be adopted by the American woman will be almost the ultimate in shortness—barely an inch long over the entire head.

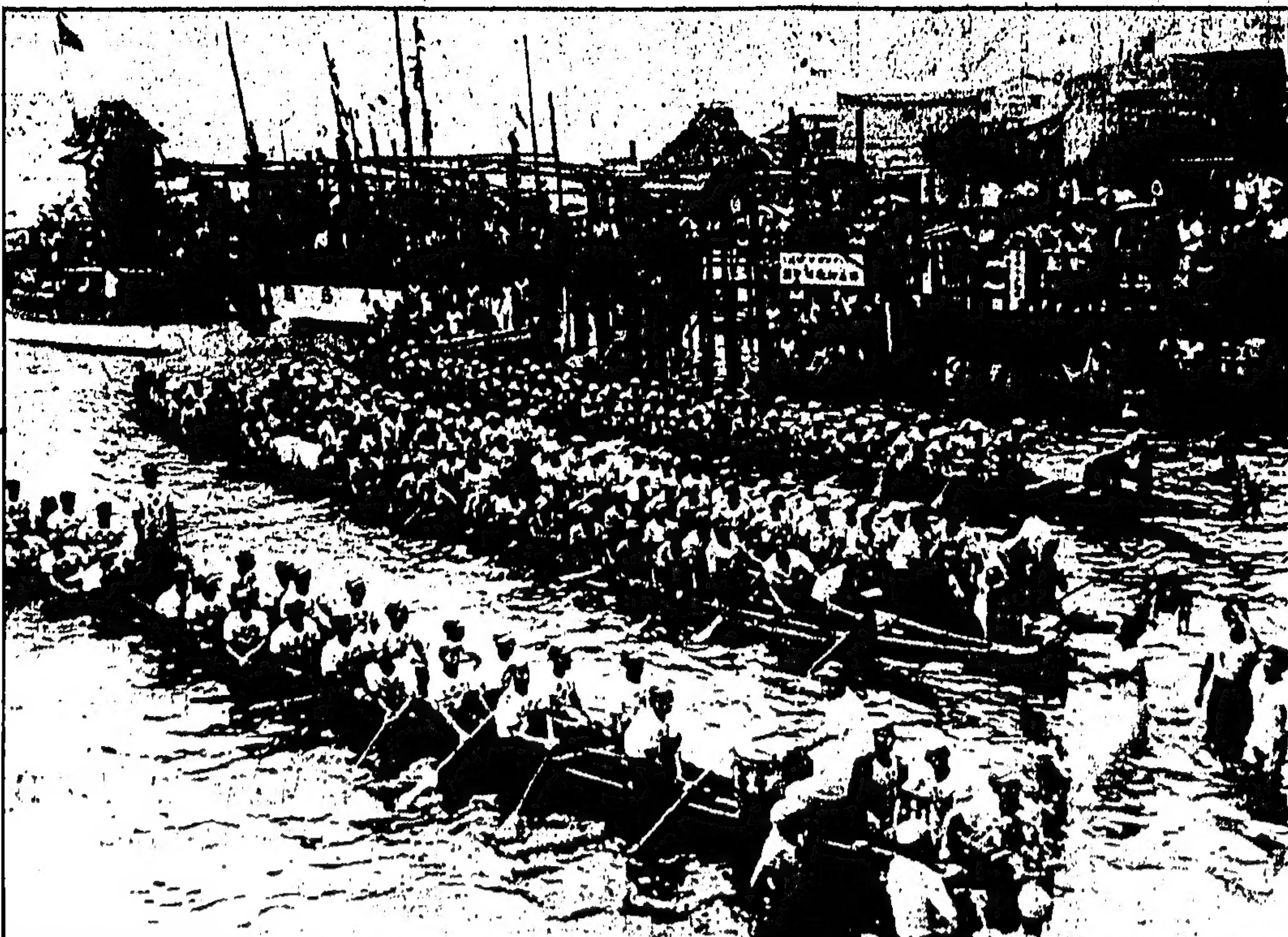
"Women are extremists," said Matthews. "And they've tried everything else. The butch is all that's left, because women will never go back to long bobs."

"We already are giving a few of the short cuts," said Matthews, whose customers include Zinka Milanov, soprano at the Metropolitan Opera Co., Sunny Ozell, singer, Julia Derrvas, dancer, and Claire Luce, actress.

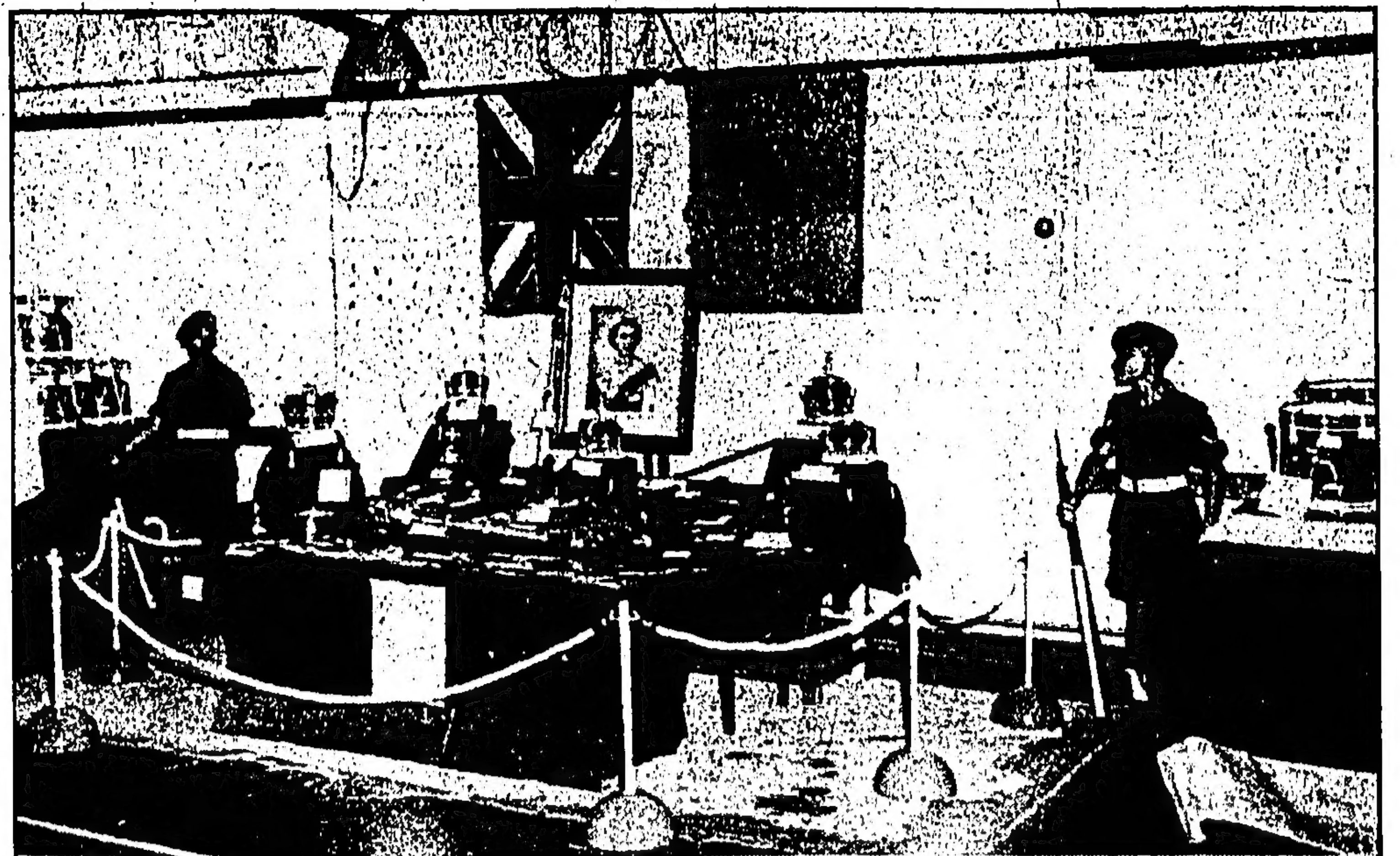
"By summer," Matthews predicted, "the butch will be everywhere."

"But I don't recommend it for everyone," said Matthews. "Just the same as I wouldn't recommend that Italian-boy cut for every woman."

"The butch, Bob is good only for the woman with a slim, small face, and naturally curly hair. You couldn't possibly give a permanent that close to the scalp," United Press.



ABOVE are four of the colourful dragon boats that took part in the Kennedy Town regatta last Saturday on the occasion of the Dragon Boat Festival. Right: A European crew, calling themselves the "Kwai Los," who competed in dragon boat races in Taipo and came in third. Below: Some of the European rowers who participated, proudly displaying the banners which they won. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colours of the Hongkong Regiment are displayed above replicas of the Crown Jewels at the Centenary exhibition of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, held at St John's Cathedral Hall. Right: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, inspecting photographs of old Volunteers with Col. L. T. Ride, Commandant of the Force, and Major J. C. M. Grenham, who organised the exhibition. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT, above: Lady Grantham is seen with the American-Chinese artist, Dong Kingman, at the exhibition of his works at the USIS Library. Striking exhibits were watercolours of New York street scenes. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs A. S. Pudner at the christening of their baby daughter, Kathleen Rosemary, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



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DAVID WRIGHT, of the 12th Kowloon Troop, Boy Scouts, showing old stamps to prospective customers at the Troop's Whitsun Fair, held at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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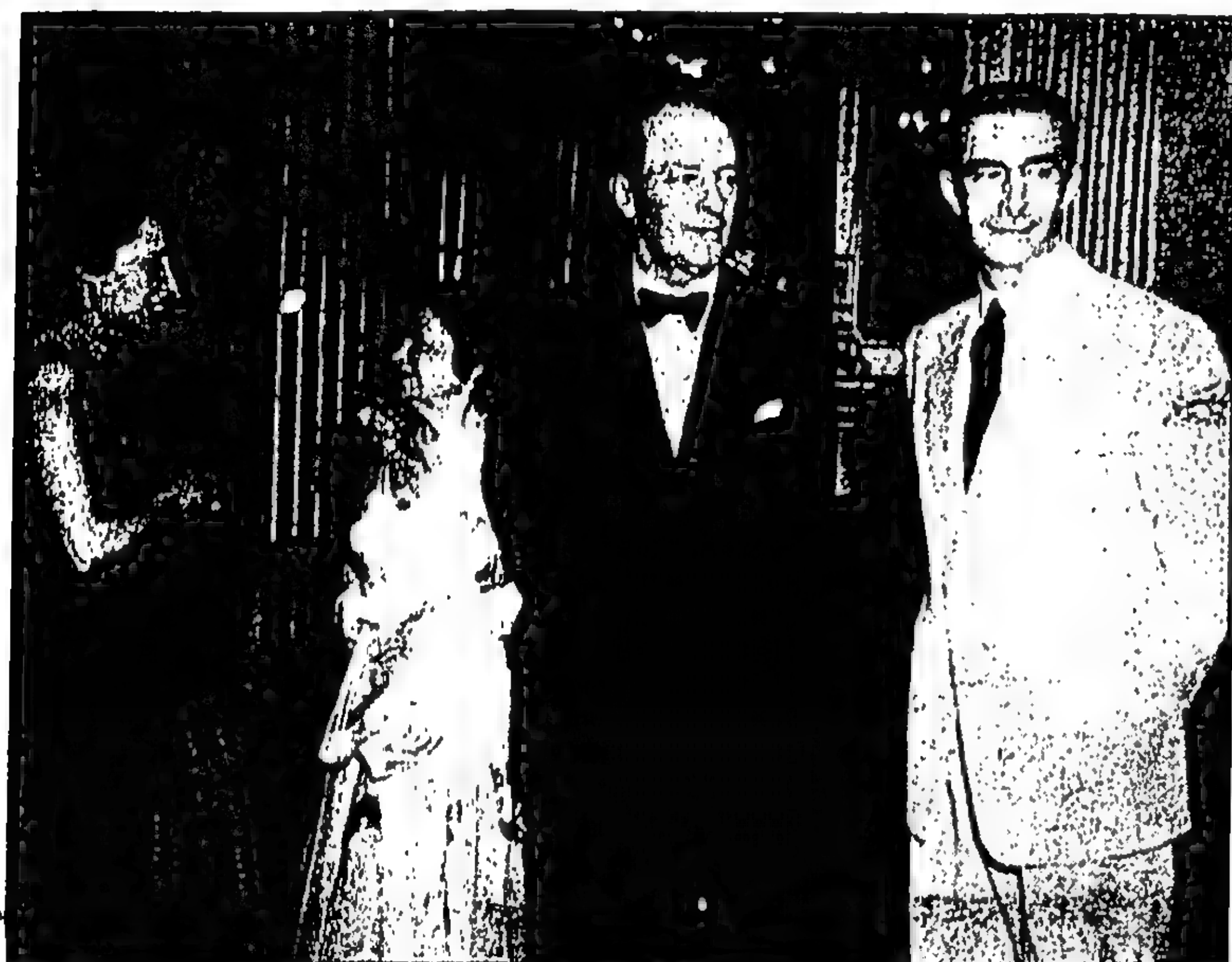
MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, who opened the Community Handicraft Fair at the Hongkong Hotel on Wednesday, inspecting the exhibits with Mrs R. T. Eng and Mr Lee Man-kee. (Staff Photographer)



MR William Holden, the Hollywood screen star, entertained to lunch at the Parisian Grill by local film executives. On Mr Holden's left are Mrs Harry Odell and Mr Chang Kwai-lin. (Staff Photographer)



MR Lam Chi-fung, Chairman of the United Hongkong Christian Baptist Church Association, laying the foundation stone of the new Aberdeen Baptist Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham conversing with the Consul for Portugal and Senhora Guilherma de Castilho at the Portuguese National Day reception held at the Club Lusitano on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



CANDIDATES presented for Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church last Sunday. From left: Raymond Yap, Patricia Harding, Ann Kennedy, Anna Sargent, Brian Kennedy. (Staff Photographer)



MRS M. W. Turner, wife of the Chairman of the Victoria Recreation Club, presenting prizes at the conclusion of last Saturday's regatta which marked the opening of the new clubhouse at Deep Water Bay. Receiving a prize is Mr D. P. Smith. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Members of the Hongkong Art Club who attended a social held in the studio of Mr Lee Byng, who is standing second from right in the back row. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral of Elizabeth Joan, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. J. Spradbery. (Ming Yuen)

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MR Manuel Maria d'Oliveira Sarrazolla and his bride, formerly Miss Georgina Agnes de Luz, leaving the Rotary Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Luiz Carlos de Oliveira, Attaché of the Brazilian Consulate-General, and Miss Thelma Natalia de Oliveira Sales, whose wedding took place at St Teresa's Church last week. (Staff Photographer)

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New Colgate Dental Cream is the greatest scientific achievement in toothpaste history—the only toothpaste in the world with clinical proof that brings new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection against tooth decay!

For only New Colgate's contains Colgate's new miracle ingredient, Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). Gardol's protection won't rise off or wear off all day. So, New Colgate Dental Cream—used just morning and

night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

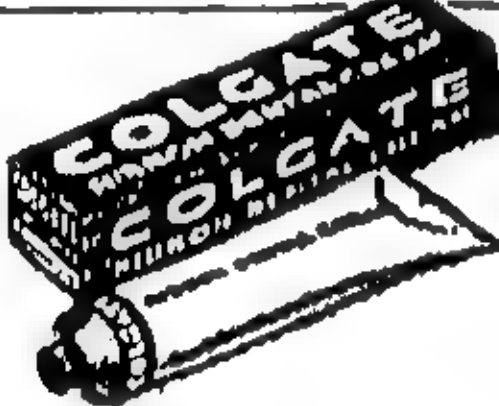
Actual use, by hundreds of people, showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay ever reported in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, used regularly and exclusively, offers new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection against tooth decay!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Do It Yourself — Safely

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

As a hobby, an expression of creative urge, and a means of having a better home, the home workshop is a growing phenomenon in modern life. Power tools have added hazards, and so the new watchword is safety.

The first requirement is proper space, good lighting (both day and night), and good order. Littered floors, with wood scraps or metal chips, and oil on the floor favour slipping. Metal chips or curls may cut through shoes. Storing materials, especially in overhead racks, should always be done carefully with danger of falling in mind. Tools should be hung securely, and not where they can fall on heads — or feet. Careless accumulation of tools on bench or table while working may result in foot injuries from tools dislodged by accident.

Jobs which require that material be held still should be done properly with vice or clamps, not merely by bracing or holding the work insecurely, thus favouring a tool slip or similar accident. Tools should be used for the purposes for which they were made, not only to protect the tool, but to safeguard the worker. Broken tools or those with loose handles or parts should be repaired. Hands and tools should be clean and free from oil or grease.

Follow Instructions

Wear goggles when using any grinding tools, even if the tool is shielded; goggles when using a lathe are a good idea, too, since flying chips of any description can injure eyes.

When "cleaning up" bench or floor, use a brush—never the hands or a handful of waste unless you want chips and shavings in your fingers.

Use power tools according to instructions. Where there are guards, it is elementary good sense to use them. A few pertinent suggestions are offered by the National Safety Council in America about starting and stopping such machinery safely, and using it properly. Foot pedals for starting or stopping machinery should be guarded against being stepped on unintentionally—where there are

starter buttons as well as foot pedals, use the button only to start, and the foot pedal only to stop the machine. Sudden starts or stops, especially for band saws and jigsaws, may break blades. So may use of cracked saw blades. Material to be sawed should be inspected for nails or other metal which might break saw teeth and cause them to fly out and injure the operator. Stopping saws by "braking" against them with blocks of wood is poor practice.

Watch Your Hands

Circular saws are more dangerous than band saws because of the danger of kickbacks. They should be guarded both above and below. Never stand in line with the saw when ripping, in case of kickbacks. A special kickback apron is a good protection against possible abdominal injuries. Keep the hands out of line with the saw. Do not cut extremely short or narrow work with it. Keep a good balance so that if the work "gives" you will not slip into the saw. Do not reach around the saw while it is in motion. Use a pusher stick and not the hands when working on short or narrow material.

If the workshop is in a garage or out-building not heated by central heat, there may be danger of fire in cold weather when oil or other space heaters are used. Chips, shavings, sawdust, or oil accumulations enhance this risk. Oily rags or waste are most of all—they should be banished or placed immediately in a tightly covered metal tin. Otherwise, there may be spontaneous combustion. Old paint is a fire hazard, too. Quick-drying paints, paint removers, and some waxes and polishes have solvents which may be flammable or explosive; they should be kept away from open flames. Heed the warnings on the packages.

Electrical wiring should be installed in accordance with building code requirements, properly fused. Extension cords should be at a minimum, and those used should be in good condition and out of the way of possible short circuit or other interference.

The money saved, the recreation enjoyed, and the products turned out in the home workshop should not be spoiled by needless accidents.

To make moving easier—

Take These Tips From Experts

EVEN with plenty of help, moving is not an easy undertaking and requires planning and organization as far ahead as possible.

A well-known firm of movers has given some very helpful hints which we are passing on to you.

For instance, we are advised to put one packing case aside for immediate necessities to be used on arrival in the new home. If you don't do this, you may have to waste time frantically opening case after case. In this case place bed linen, blankets, towels, wash cloths, soap, toothbrushes, brush and comb, a supply of electric light bulbs, coffee pot, enough furniture, china and glassware for the first meals, and a few essential articles of clothing.

SAGE ADVICE

Set aside jewellery, currency and documents to be carried personally. This is important, for neither the mover nor his insurance underwriters is responsible for valuables left in drawers. A great deal of packing and unpacking can be

saved by leaving the contents in dresser and bureau drawers. Do this by fastening drawers to the cabinet or each end with two strips of tape. In addition, run a strip of tape along each drawer opening. Do not, of course, overload drawers with extra heavy objects.

If you haven't contracted for professional packers, ask the moving man to supply you with as many huge packing cases and barrels as needed and have on hand a plentiful supply of newspapers and tissue paper to wrap all breakables singly. Start saving up newspapers long ahead of time. Do not pack too tightly in barrel or box. Do cushion all breakables with wads of paper.

Cushions and blankets in the bottom make good shock absorbers in boxes that contain breakables. Tuck wads of paper in corners to keep contents from shifting. Fasten the tops on covered dishes and sugar bowls with transparent tape.

Pack similar objects in one case. Glassware, china, silver and vases might all go in a large box, each category in its own smaller container. Glassware goes for kitchen utensils, pots and pans and lamp shades and bases. Pack kitchen supplies such as tea, coffee, sugar, flour, rice, spices and other small staples in cooking utensils and then wrap with paper. This saves space.

IDENTIFY PACKAGES

Identify contents in a general way and tape labels to each packing case or box. Also make "Fragile" labels for breakables. If you have six or more rooms of furniture, plan to move as early in the morning as possible, which will save on overtime charges. Have everything ready when the movers arrive. Place books in wooden boxes or tie in neat bundles. Notify all connected with your move as early as possible—utilities, milkman, laundry, post office, newspaper, magazines, schools and other interested parties.

— Eleanor Ross

Cultured Pearls

FALCONERS

★ Special Purpose Plans ★



DESIGNED FOR A SLOPING STREET, the Bryant living and sleeping areas are built over a garage, where the land falls away. A retaining wall separates the garage from the high ground at the entrance.

By Joan O'Sullivan

TODAY'S homes are special-purpose plans designed for two different types of plot.

The Gary is planned for the narrow lots frequently encountered in towns and cities where land is at a premium. The entire width of the home is 25 feet, 8 inches. Nevertheless, rooms are spacious and far from small.

Generous Proportions

The living room occupies 18 feet of the width—generous proportions, indeed. From the front window wall to the dining end of the area, there is over 22 feet.

The kitchen, a comfortably-sized square, isn't big, but it's not small, either. Fourteen feet is taken over with wall cabinets, a broom closet and a breakfast nook. From this room, it's just a step to the dining room, back door, cellar stairs or front entry.

There are three bedrooms—two at the back of the house, one at the side. The master bedroom has a private lavatory and a large wardrobe.

The home comprises 1,220 square feet.

For A Sloping Street

The other design featured, the Bryant, is ideal for a sloping street. The house sits over a garage where the land falls away. A stone retaining wall separates it from the high ground at the entry.

Sleeping quarters run along the left side of the house. Each of the three bedrooms has a sliding door closet that measures about four feet, nine inches. The master bedroom has two of these.

In addition, storage space can be found in a guest closet, a linen closet and a large family closet in the centre hallway.

The right side of the house contains living and work areas.

Start at the entry and you step into a 24-foot living-dining room. It's the wonderful kind of a room that makes decorating a delight.

A Small Dining Nook

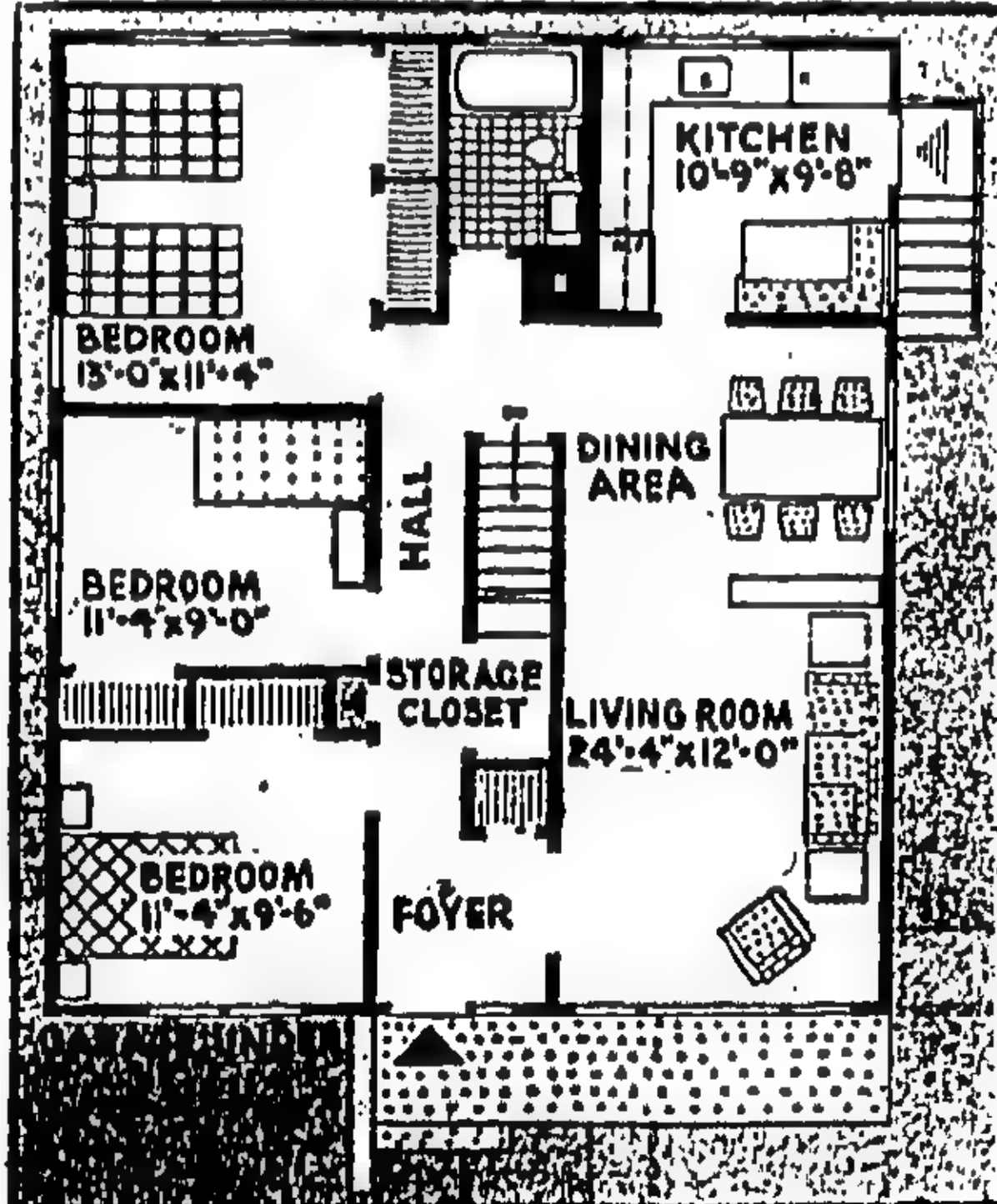
Walk past the dining room and you're in the kitchen, with its small dining nook and rear entry.

The bath is centred, at the back of the house, between sleeping and work sections.

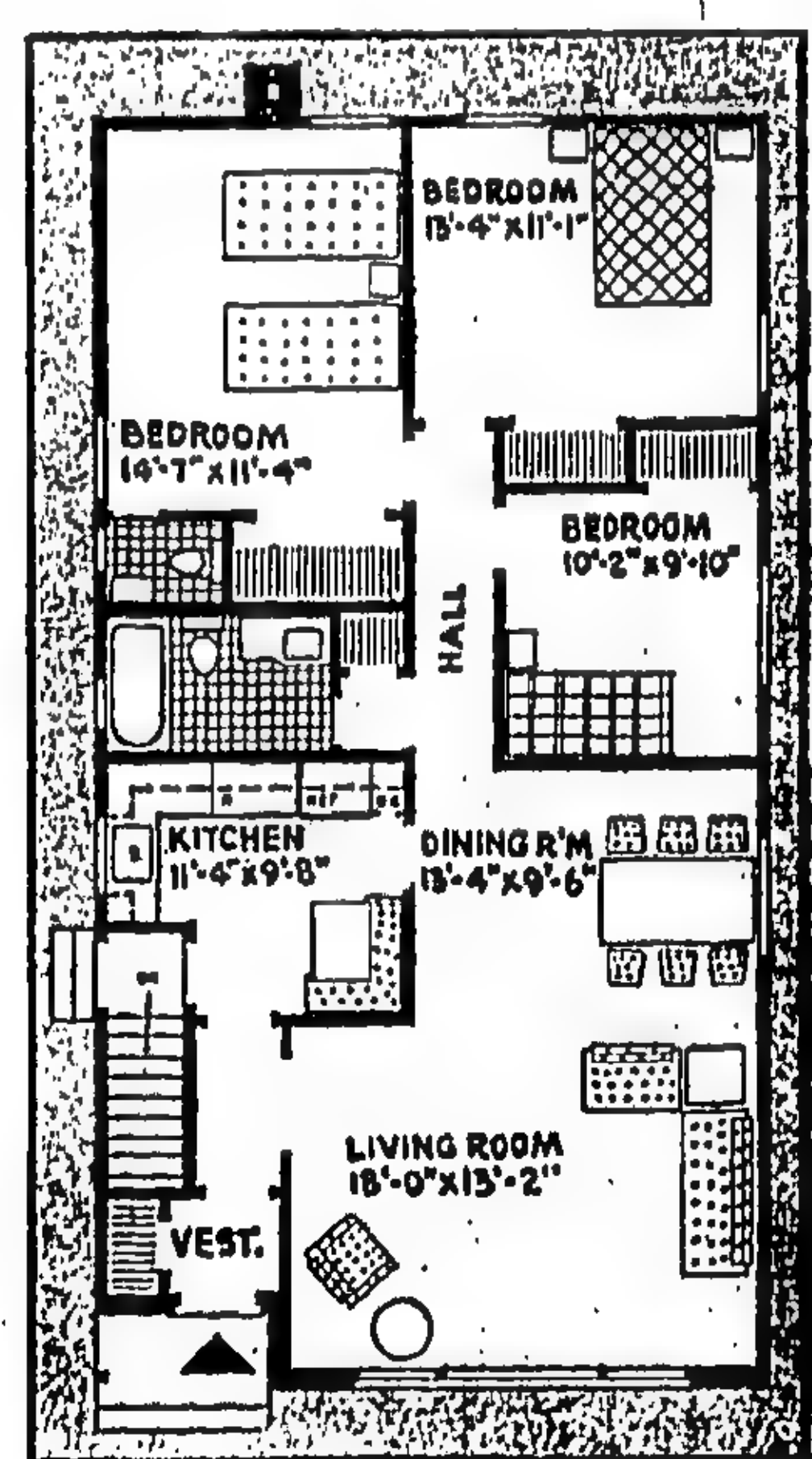
This plan comprises 1,085 square feet.



HERE'S A HOME that provides the attractive solution to the problem of building a house on a narrow lot. The Gary's width is just 25 feet, 8 inches. It's a decorative frame house with a sheltered entry.



SLEEPING QUARTERS run along the left side of the Bryant. Living room, dining area and kitchen are on the right side of the house. The kitchen has a dining nook.



DESPITE THE FACT that the Gary is a narrow house, the living area is spacious. It's 18 feet wide and over 22 feet in length, as you can see from the floor plan at right.

Four Delicious Dinner Courses

By Alice Denhoff

RECIPE starter today is about 5 min. Strain through a cloth.

Pork chops cooked with sweet potatoes and pineapple are a really delicious dish. To serve 6, place 4 chops, shortening in a skillet. Add and brown 6 thick pork chops. Season with salt to taste. Peel 3 large sweet potatoes cut in halves, and rub with lemon juice. Add 6 slices pineapple. Wash and remove pits from 12 large prunes and insert a clove into each prune. Add prunes and pour over one c. pineapple juice. Cook, covered, at high heat, and when steaming, turn to low heat and cook for 45 minutes.

For a good, hearty, nourishing dessert, Orange Marmalade Pudding might be the answer! To serve 6, combine 1 1/2 c. marmalade, 1/2 c. sugar, 1/2 c. butter and 1/2 c. water. Heat slowly, stirring constantly.

about 5 min. Strain through a cloth.

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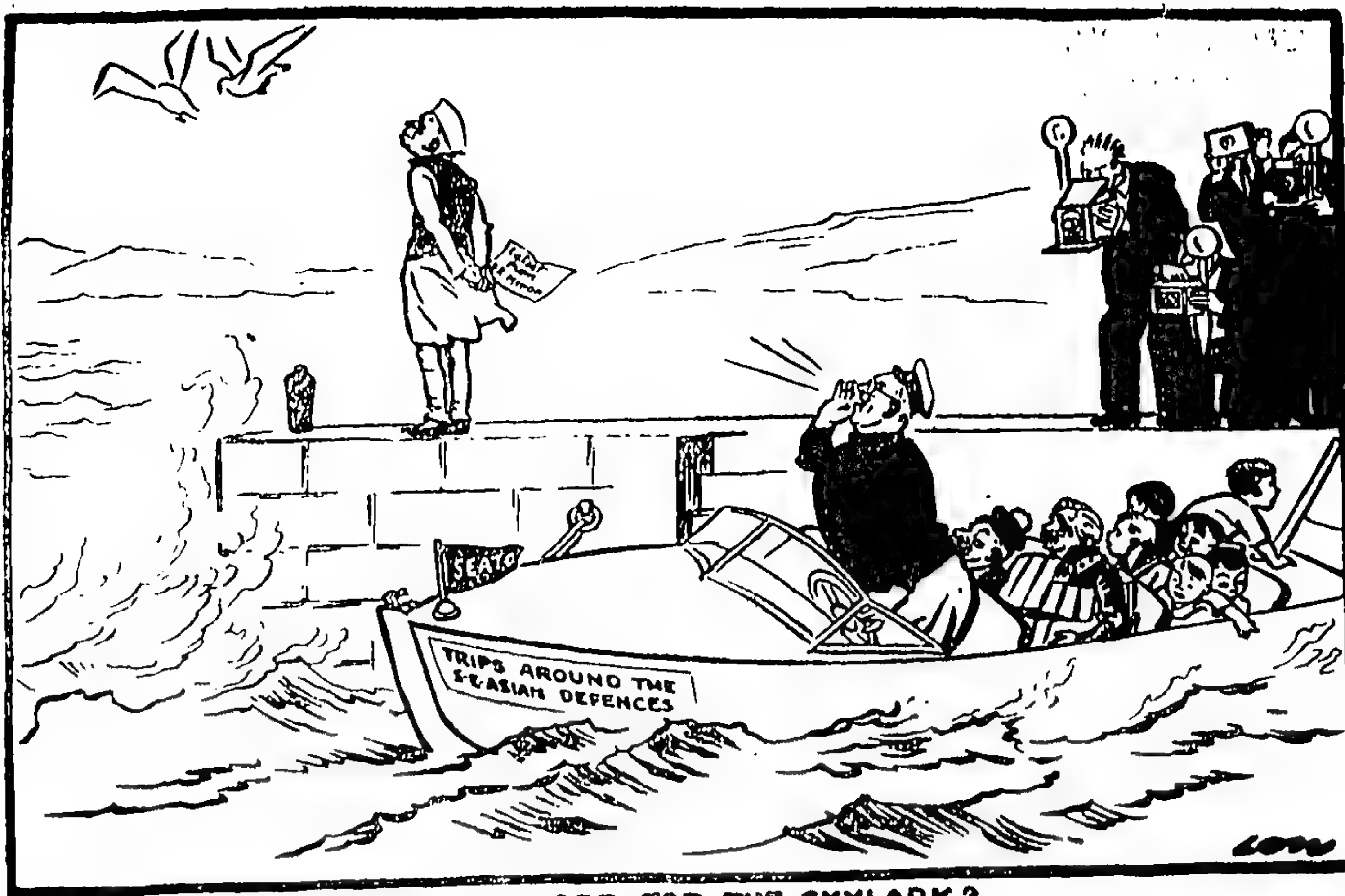
For a good, hearty, nourishing dessert, Orange Marmalade Pudding might be the answer! To serve 6, combine 1 1/2 c. marmalade, 1/2 c. sugar, 1/2 c. butter and 1/2 c. water. Heat slowly, stirring constantly.

¼ tsp. orange flavouring. Sift together 2 c. flour, 3 tbsp. baking powder and ¼ tsp. salt. Add alternately with ¾ c. milk. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites. Cover bottom of pudding pan with ½ c. orange marmalade. Pour in batter and steam for 1 1/2 hours.

Household Hints

Strips of bacon placed lengthwise in the bottom of the pan will prevent a meat loaf from sticking and also will add flavour to the meat.

Hardened glue can be softened by adding a few drops of vinegar to the container.



ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLARK?

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

And now it's Sir Beverley Baxter writing...

THE PRIME DOODLER AND THE WELSH NAPOLEON

WHEN I read in the newspapers that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan (each attended by a faithful escort of supporters) were going to visit China together I was reminded that truth can be stronger than fiction.

In fact it now only remains for Senator McCarthy and Secretary Stevens to sing "Dear Old Pals" on American television and a thousand years of amity will be ushered in.

Pondering on the new Attlee-Bevan axis, my mind went back to October 1952 when I went to the Lancashire seaside resort of Morecambe to have a look at the annual conference of the Socialist Party of Great Britain. It is the custom of that party to hold its yearly conference just before Parliament resumes after the long Summer Recess. And invariably they choose a seaside resort so that they can advance upon Westminster with ozone in their lungs and hope in their hearts.

At Morecambe the conference proceeded along normal lines until the final day when rumours were flying about in all directions. It was said in the streets and in the market place that at the secret election behind closed doors the Bevanites had made a clean sweep of the vacancies for the National Executive except for one, Jim Griffiths, the faithful, was the only pro-Attlee candidate to make the grade.

What A Scene!

The next morning crowds surrounded the vast music hall where the final session was to be held in public. With the good nature of British politics, my Socialist opponents let me in and gave me a good seat.

The Socialist Party had had its night of the long knives. Obviously the Bevanites had won the decisive battle. Everyone felt that Attlee could not possibly continue to lead the party, but would either have to resign or go to the House of Lords, as Stanley Baldwin did when he gave up the Premiership and the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

What a scene met our eyes inside the theatre. Bevan sat next to Attlee, because they were already members of the Executive. The Chairman then read the names of the winners, together with the total of their votes.

At each result there was wild cheering, although Bevan was wise enough not even to smile. As a man of destiny he had waited for this hour. As a man of destiny he would wrap himself in silent dignity.

And what of the other man who had been king? What of little Clem Attlee as he heard the rattling of the tumble on the cobbles outside? What was he doing?

He was doodling—as always. Nigger heads are a favourite.

Bevan, full face, ears, nose, spectacles, had hands. When he came to doodling he has lost his humanity. In the House of Commons he puts his foot upon the table and his head proudly dangles behind his knees. Then he doodles.

But at Morecambe the tales were true. It had been arranged on the agenda that when the names of the victorious delegates had been announced Mr. Attlee as the Party Leader, would make his annual address.

What would he say? How would he begin? He was in the position of a man sentenced to death who has to congratulate the jury on their judgment. There was one thing certain. Not even the Prime Doodler of Great Britain could ignore the verdict of the delegates.

Magnificent

With something like awe I waited for his words. And with something like awe after this long lapse of time I put on record that his opening sentence was "We live on an island with a population of fifty millions and almost no natural resources except coal and agriculture."

It was magnificent. Marie Antonette's "Give them cake" was nothing compared to Attlee's magnificent disregard for the clamorous victory of the Bevanites. Nor did he in his entire speech make any mention whatsoever of Bevan or any of his followers.

I went back to my hotel and sent a hurried impression of it all to the London Evening Standard. Perhaps you will bear with me if I make a brief quotation from it:

"Mr. Attlee is on the spot. He failed to destroy his enemies and he failed to come to terms with them. If in a last desperate attempt to save himself he now shakes hands with Bevan it would deceive no one.

"As I walked to my hotel after the meeting the tide was out... far out. Half a dozen sailing boats were lying helplessly on their sides for there was no water on which to float. And I thought of the Socialist Leader interceded on the beach waiting for the tide that will never return."

The article was headed:

ONLY ONE PLACE FOR ATTLEE NOW—THE LONDS.

Astonishing

Now let us come to 1954. It is Spring. The trees are in blossom and the red-breasted robins are busy nesting. For some time there had been an uneasy truce between Attlee and Bevan. In fact when Churchill opened the famous Atomic Debate, Bevan sat beside Attlee on the Socialist Front Bench as if to prove (1) that they were brothers and (2) to establish the brotherhood to the Socialist throne.

After an admirable opening speech, Attlee listened to Churchill's reply and then sank back and proceeded to doodle.

The effect was astonishing from a purely human point of view. Bevan's first speech had been a masterpiece of logic. In fact it was the first sign of unity ever achieved by Attlee and Bevan.

But it did not last. In 1951 he went on a European tour with a friend named Millar who, unexpectedly, brought his sister along with him. Mr. Attlee, on the holiday, he undoubtedly spent more time with Miss Millar than with her brother. So we came to the pulsating moment of decision.

This was too much for Napoleon Bevan. With a combination of anger and lofty idealism he stormed to the dispatch box and dislocated himself from his leader. With passionate words and inflated countenance he declared that he could not and would not be a party to a humiliating Germany, a perpetual villain.

This was something new. This was mutiny in full view. The Prime Doodler put away his pencil and called a party meeting for next morning.

The meeting was in secret, but within an hour after it was over we all had a pretty good idea of what had happened. Attlee had delivered an ultimatum to Bevan—loyalty or expulsion from the Shadow Cabinet and the Parliamentary Front Bench. Bevan rejected the ultimatum and walked out with all his supporters.

That afternoon Mr. Attlee resumed his place in Parliament, unmarked, unworried, and firm in his decision that he would not introduce party politics into matters of high strategy.

His Leadership

And not for the first time in the 18 years that I have sat with him in Parliament I found myself thinking: "This is a very considerable political figure. This is a man who breaks all the rules of greatness and has none of its trappings. Think of the strain of leading a political party for twenty-three years, a turbulent party like the Socialists which has only held office with a clear majority in six of the twenty-three years! The Socialists have never submitted to the strong discipline of the Tory Party. They have always had breakaway sections as well as a few who lean towards Communism. Yet no one but Bevan has risen to challenge the leadership of Attlee, the colourless man of anti-climax."

But is this a complete portrait? Can leadership of any kind be sustained merely on a genius for underestimation?

While we Tories were pondering on the latest Attlee-Bevan split, and trying to imagine the shape of the future, Mr. Attlee's autobiography was published. It was modestly called "As It Happened" and I settled down to read it with the feeling that at the end of the volume would explain itself and the Sphinx reveal its secret.

Believe me, this book is unlike any autobiography ever written. For, since underestimation is almost always a fault, Mr. Attlee has a beautiful wife who adores him, and is always in the gallery when he makes a full length speech. She must have been a lovely creature when he married her. How then does our hero deal with the courtship in his book?

He tells us that in 1921 he went on a European tour with a friend named Millar who, unexpectedly, brought his sister along with him. Mr. Attlee, on the holiday, he undoubtedly spent more time with Miss Millar than with her brother. So we came to the pulsating moment of decision.

"A week or two after our return," writes Attlee, "I asked Miss Millar to go to a football match with me. When the day came the ground was too hard for football and we went to Richmond Park instead. During the afternoon I proposed and had the good fortune to be accepted."

Far Too Shy

That was romance, that was it. At any rate it proves that true love can exist even in a cold climate—or perhaps especially in a cold climate.

What of his time at Oxford University? I attended the Union Debates," he writes, "but I was far too shy to take part in them."

Over and over again there is that recurring motif "I was shy." Yet in his heart, there was a sincerity that drove him on although he wanted none of the prizes of public life.

His family were sound, middle-class people who were comfortably off. The tendency of the various branches of the Attlee brood were for the boys to become solicitors and the girls to become missionaries. Undoubtedly there was a strong undercurrent of ambition and a deep desire to help the poor and the unprivileged.

After Oxford, Attlee went into the East End of London and helped to organise clubs for boys. He was uneasy even with them, but at least he was learning to speak without being overcome by shyness. In gratitude he was eventually elected the youngest mayor in its history for the poverty-stricken Borough of Stepney.

War's Challenge

Incidentally, he was in the East End when the famous Sidney Street siege took place. A young chap in a top hat named Winston Churchill watched the battle in the capacity of Home Secretary. A few yards away was the almost unknown welfare worker named Clem Attlee. Even history's prophetic pen might have hesitated before predicting that these young fellows would eventually be Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister in the battle to save civilisation.

But first there came the challenge of the 1914 war. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty. Attlee was rejected for the Army more than once, but worried the recruiting sergeants until they took him.

Once more the threads of fate are joined. In the disaster of Churchill's Gallipoli plan,

Shadow Behind Olivier

By JOHN BRUCE

LONDON. No other actor has attempted anything so ambitious since Olivier filmed "Henry V" and "Hamlet."

Today Redgrave's star is high. He is an ambitious man. His critical success at Stratford and in such West End plays as "Winter's Journey" is backed by solid commercial success in films. Today he is making simultaneously two films. Olivier's last film, "The Beggar's Opera," was something of a flop, artistically and commercially.

The Score What is the score to date? I count Redgrave's "Hamlet" at the Old Vic superior to Olivier's film "Hamlet." Many, too, would say that Redgrave's "Antony" won on points over Olivier's. What is it, then, that keeps Redgrave's progress in check? Olivier is theatrical royalty. Redgrave does not capture the public's imagination as Olivier does. He writes seriously on his art in night-aw reviews, publishes a book on acting, writes plays, discourages over-demonstrative admirers and has the introspective demeanour of a man who can't stop playing Hamlet. The public is suspicious of the intellectual actor, which is what Redgrave has been labelled.

He is annoyed by this label. "I know," he says, "that my obituary will describe me as a man who acted with his mind. That is all nonsense. If I have got where I am just through using brains then I must be very clever indeed and unique among actors."

"I am a star. And though there are many good intellectual actors, I can't think of any star performers who have done it by thinking it all out. It can't be done that way. I am an actor who can act at the drop of a hat. You just have to ask and I can laugh or cry."

"Of course," he says, "I'm an intellectual. And I'm an actor. But I'm not an intellectual actor."

So now you know.

When the war was over, Stephen chose Attlee, his friend and benefactor, to represent the East End in Parliament, but it was not until 1922 that he contested the Parliamentary Election on behalf of the Lancashire Division of Stepney. The mild little Attlee and crime-ridden Lancashire! Perhaps it is understandable why Bevan has never been able to frighten him.

And Korea

The rest of the story you know. But let me forget, we must set down that as the Socialist Prime Minister, leading a semi-pacifist party, he not only took up the challenge of Korea but introduced pacifism into the House of Commons. He made mistakes but they were mistakes of judgment, and not from any weakness of character.

When he became Prime Minister, the London wit had a night out. "An empty car was driven to No. 10 Downing Street and out of it stepped Clement Attlee." Attlee is a modest man—but then he has so much to be modest about! "Attlee is not weak. He has a whiff of iron." Yes—the wits were in form.

But there he is today, doodling away with his feet on the table, oblivious of the Big Bad Bevan, and taking on Churchill the Champion with no holds barred. After all, he is only 71 years of age and sees no reason why he should make way for a younger man.

Somewhere in his unexciting torso there beats a brave heart. Somewhere in his spirit there is a modesty that keeps him close to the ordinary man. Somewhere in the mystic land of the soul there is an indestructible rock of character.

Tribute

In a few days I am joining a luncheon gathering where some of the greatest men in Britain will pay public tribute to him on the publication of his autobiography. There will be brilliant speeches where compliments will be tinged with wit and irony.

When Attlee rises to make his reply he will sound like a prim little Elder of the Church acknowledging the special collection in aid of the organ fund. And almost certainly he will say: "The critics are quite right when they describe my book as not well written. But I am not a writer. I just gave the facts and nothing but the facts, which you will agree is something new in autobiography."

Then he will go back to the House of Commons, put his feet on the table, and begin to doodle. Perhaps a nigger's head, or will it be the cockatoo bird of a Welsh Napoleon wondering how much longer this little man will keep him from the Socialist throne?

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PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SNAILS IN THE NEWS Snails make news in Italy, where thousands upon thousands of them are being packed into baskets and shipped off to France. Strangely, there is a snail shortage in France.

No one in Italy would have known about it if Italians visiting France recently had not asked for the proverbial French snails only to be told that the snails weren't. Now, advertisements appear in local Italian newspapers addressed to the unemployed: "If you want work, collect snails. We buy snails!"

Thousands of unemployed now "snail hunting" and receive

threepence halfpenny a pound. Average length of a snail is one inch. Five snails to the ounce.

AND THE BRIDES CRIED Three brides and their bridegrooms shattered their wedding ceremony in Delhi recently with tears and howls.

The reason? All six were babies. The grooms were aged 18 months, two years, and four years; the brides two, three, and five. After the ceremony, their parents feasted while the children blissfully unaware of their married state, slept.

Just to ensure that his subordinates took them to heart, Sir John ordered that his instructions be read to every man and woman in the Force. And senior officers must sign a declaration that every police officer in their command has not only read or heard them—but understood them.

CASSY TREASURE The modern art and architecture that is taking a hold of Britain is disturbing enough to traditionalists, but at least they didn't expect this. A gasometer, squatting in customary fat, cylindrical fashion in London's Fulham district, has been listed by the Government with the nation's architectural treasures as an historic structure.

Admittedly, it was erected 124 years ago, in the days when things were built to last. And, according to inspectors who viewed its inside six years ago, it is in a state of perfect preservation and its iron work is a fine example of gasholder workmanship and design.

Even though it was once the world's biggest and best gasometer, and has been standing just where this business will end. Perhaps the next structure to be classed with England's historic monuments will be a chimney stack.

THE USUAL CELEBRATION South Africa's oldest woman, 113-year-old Mrs. Mary Karem, celebrated her birthday last week. She stayed in bed—because the weather was cold. But the celebration took its usual form. A lot of brandy before breakfast, a whisky before lunch and another whisky before dinner.

IMMIGRANT MINISTER Abdel Salami, Libya's new Foreign Minister, is a Turk—and, until two weeks ago, he was working for the Turkish foreign office.

It all happened when he accepted King Senoussi's invitation to visit the country. Abdel liked it so much that he decided he would like to play. The King liked him so much that he offered him a job.

LONDON'S WONDERFUL POLICE Britons are long used to hearing from overseas visitors that their policemen are wonderful. Last week came a surprise.

London's policemen must become still more wonderful, ordered Commissioner Sir John Nott-Bower in confidential instructions circulated to all Metropolitan stations.

Sir John, in fact, had become "very perturbed" by the increased number of complaints from the public about ineptitude. And he urged London's wonderful policemen not to use "sarcastic, cognate or rude" language when addressing members of the public. He warned, especially, against "bullying methods of talk" and requested more "tact and diplomacy" when dealing with both crowds and individuals.

Tact and diplomacy, he said, was what produced results, and not sarcastic comments or stolid assertions. The line of "you'd better obey, or else..." is definitely OUT.

JOBS GALORE Out of a job? There are more vacant jobs in Britain than available workers. In eight out of 11 regions employers are "crying out" for hands.

Biggest demand is in the industrial Midlands. Birmingham and the surrounding district has 40,770 vacancies, 12,001 unemployed. Nottingham area has 30,000 vacancies, only 8,670 unemployed. London and South Eastern Region have 84,181 vacancies and 51,532 out of work.

One reason for the unemployment figures is the reluctance of workers to move house and home to a district where they would be needed.

Another reason is the increasing demand for trained men. It's no use applying unless you have a tradesman's skill.

THE REAL THING For the first time in centuries, visitors to Milan can now see "The Last Supper" the way Leonardo Da Vinci painted it. Paint, an eighth of an inch thick, has been removed by white-haired restoration expert Mauro Pellicoli. The superimposed paint was the work of scores of "retouch" men, some of whom didn't seem to share Da Vinci's artistic taste.

NOW MEAT After four years of research, New Zealand scientists have come up with a way to dehydrate meat—and make it taste like meat again when it arrives on the table. Whole cuts of meat can be as reduced in bulk that one meat-carrying ship could, if the need arose, do the work now done by 12.

A GOOD YARN Canadian Public Works Minister Robert Winters had a yarn for the Portuguese when he got through signing a commercial agreement here in Lisbon.

This, he said, was how Canada got its name. One bright day, a Portuguese boat anchored off Canada's east coast.

One matelot looked at another and said "Ca nada." The explanation in Portuguese means "there is nothing here."

But, added Mr. Winters, "we've got lots of things now."

CHINS UP! There will be nothing to fear in the future. Danish physician Erik Jacobsen has invented a drug which removes all fear. He is serious. He will leave this week for New York to negotiate world marketing.

THE NEW BOOKS

The Day That Work Caught Up With The 'Bar-Room Shaw'

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE INCREDIBLE MIZNERS. By Alva Johnston. Harv. Davis. 12s. 6. 271 pages. SOMETIME in 1927, his spirit broken at last, Wilson Mizner surrendered to work.

Behind him stretched a life on which the coloured lamps of misadventure and misdeeds danced. He had experienced many things: prison, marriage, hunger, success, drug-addiction. Work had not been among them.

In a black hour, in 1907, divorced by the elderly multi-millionaire with whom he had chivalrously united his life, he had for a few days taken charge of 200 carts that were removing debris after the San Francisco earthquake.

When news of this downfall reached the public prints, Wilson quit. "Why should I work?"

In the shipwreck of his marital hope, he was a sensitive man. His wife, widow of a traction king, not only drank to a point when he declared she was "unhappily married," but was pathologically close-listed.

"It's a damned unpleasant experience," Mizner mused when he could bear to talk about it, "to be stopped by two Pinkertons when you're walking out of your own house with a can full of jewels."

Son of a U.S. ambassador to Guatemala, Wilson weighed gold in the Monte Carlo dance hall at Dawson City during the gold rush. "A million and a half dollars of gold dust and nuggets, and never a mistake that wasn't in favour of the house."

Admirers said afterwards: "Mizner could make a pair of scales do anything."

Returning from Alaska to his dedicated life as America's champion wastrel and bar-room Bernard Shaw Wilson managed a "theatrical" hotel in New York, managed a prize-fighter, collaborated in writing plays with a fellow-author who performed the soul-destroying

formalities on the typewriter, was a confidence man, a card-sharpener—"You win, stranger," he said to a chance opponent, "but those are not the cards I dealt you"; a smoker of opium, a sniffer of cocaine.

Breaking himself of these two habits, he became, on the testimony of a Los Angeles police doctor, the only man except Sherlock Holmes who could take drugs or let them alone.

In the course of his gaudy career he perfected a talent for the explosive phrase. Told "Coolidge is dead," Mizner asked calmly, "How do they know?" Of a concealed bankrupt he said, "Failure has gone to his head."

Beseeched to write the story of his life, he replied: "It would be blowing a police whistle." He excused himself for having written a short story: "I wanted

to see something of mine in print except my thumbs."

Among the sage's aphorisms was, "Be nice to people on your way up because you'll need 'em on your way down."

It was not until the boom of the mid-twenties that Wilson Mizner really started on the way up in collaboration with his brother Addison Mizner, who was practising as a slapstick architect one jump ahead of the balliffs.

In the stampede of America's new rich to Florida, Addison made a fortune selling real-estate and building palaces. His motto: "This people can't stand the sight of anything that doesn't cost a lot of money." Brother Wilson kindly helped with the finance.

This was the climax of the unedifying Mizner saga which Alva Johnston tells untidily but with wit and gusto. In the inexorable crash, Addison was ruined; Wilson went on to write scripts in Hollywood.

TRUFFLE TROVE

By Milton Shulman

AS a child in Czechoslovakia Mr. Joseph Wechsberg detested food so much his parents took him to see a doctor about it.

"He will be all right," said the doctor. "Some day he'll want to eat more than he's going to get."

The prognosis was remarkably accurate. For a few years later Mr. Wechsberg was already displaying the appropriate sense of values of a coming gourmet. He began to prefer cheese to girls.

His life as a diplomat, a violin player, and a writer has enabled him to search out good food with the cunning and tenacity of a water-diviner. Since wine is his second passion, the metaphor may be unfortunate.

No place was too far, no trip too arduous for Mr. Wechsberg if his reward was to be some succulent delicacy. There was goulash in Budapest, bouillabaisse in Marseilles, sausages in Prague, poulet au champagne in Paris, and filets de sole in Provence.

Blue Trout and Black Truffles (Gollancz, 10s.) is a light-hearted record of Mr. Wechsberg's gastronomic pilgrimages. It might well be described as a grand tour through the alimentary canal.

Here is a world of such temperament and sensitivity as to make opera singers seem comic-strip comers by comparison.

A restaurateur refuses a table to a woman who smokes before the dessert; a ship's cook makes his best dishes on the roughest days to spite his scabbed passengers; violent arguments rage over whether beer should be poured gently into a slightly tilted glass or quickly from high above; a Belgian calling club prohibits all talk during dinner so that members can truly appreciate the food.

Sometimes, one feels, Mr. Wechsberg is overdoing it. Thus he describes a wine expert face to face with a bottle of 1787 Bordeaux: "His head was slightly bent in deference. If he'd worn a beret he would have taken it off."

Wine-making is a nerve-racking profession. Constant fretting about it has an odd effect on those involved. They begin to think of the wine as a woman—nervous, moody, unpredictable. "He's in constant conversation with the wine," says someone, pointing to a cellar-master.

Fuzzled by the black spots in foie gras, Mr. Wechsberg travelled to Perigueux to clear up the mystery. He knew they were created by truffles, but what were truffles? Mushrooms? Potatoes? Coloured carrots?

It seems they are just truffles. They grow apparently without roots under the ground near oak trees. They are hunted out by talented pigs with a fine nose for their peculiar scent.

The foie gras which they decorate has a less appetising history. It comes from the livers of geese that have been forcibly fed by stuffing maize down their throats. After six weeks they become so fat they can't move, and if they are not killed they will suffocate.

Most of Mr. Wechsberg's luscious recipes are hardly practical for a limited budget. One requires the covering of truffles with dry champagne and another needs 50 pounds of sole which has to be simmered over a slow fire until it is reduced to one pound of reddish, jamlike glaze.

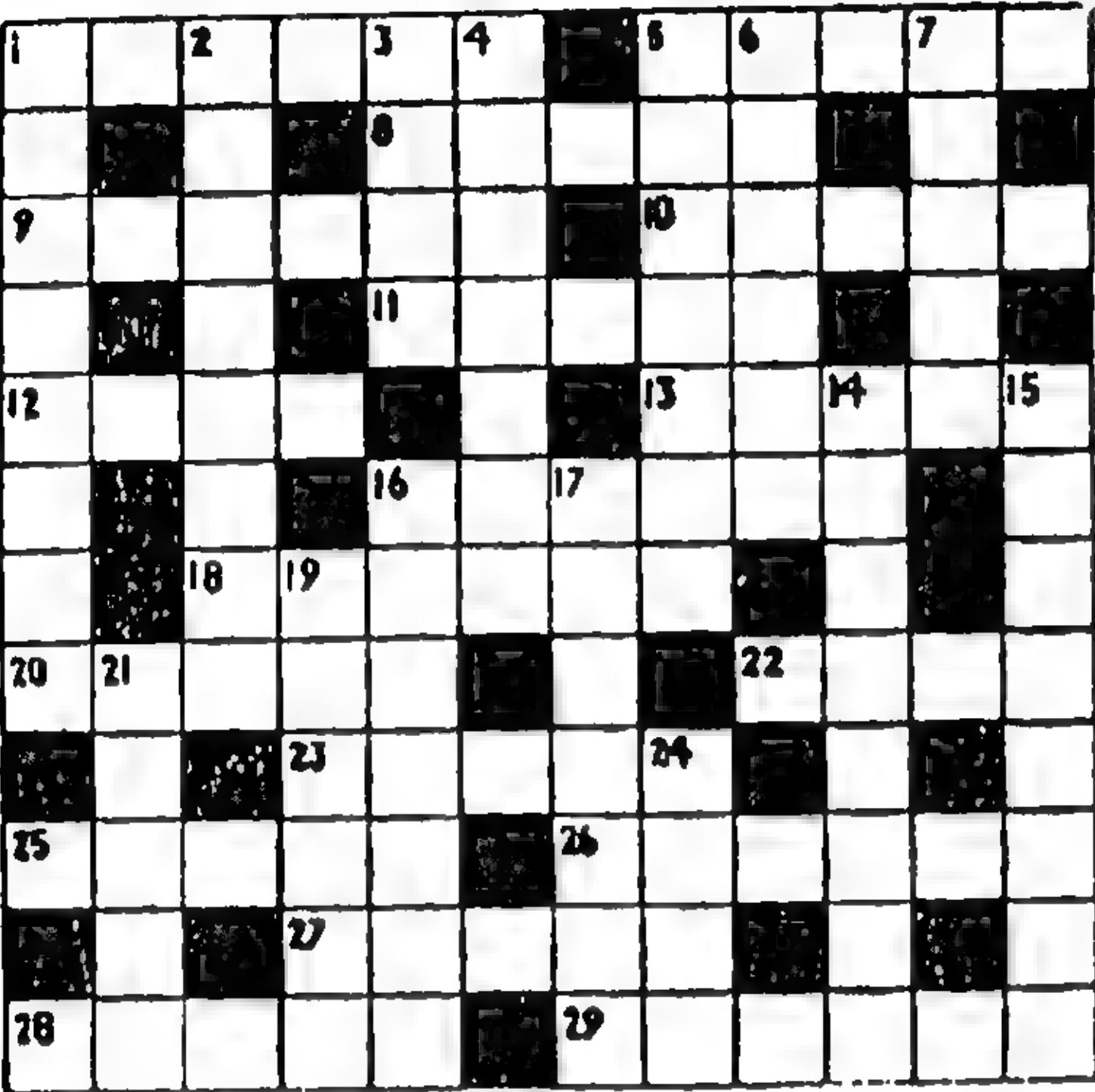
Others are so complicated that even Mr. Wechsberg does not ask how they are done. "It would be like attempting to play the fello by watching 'Pablo Casals,'" he sighs.

If you want to be recognised as an epicure, this book offers some valuable tips. Never hold a champagne glass by the stem, only by the forefinger and thumb, at the bottom, thumb up; salad is the enemy of wine and they should never be taken together; eat your food as soon as it arrives and do not wait for others to begin; don't wear too much perfume since it is distracting; and a good meal needs lots of time.

But perhaps the sagest comment in the book comes from a Hungarian chef: "It is difficult to make something good out of second-class material," he said, "but it is quite easy to spoil the first-class ones."

That may be why in his many wanderings to find material for his diarming, if slightly self-conscious book, Mr. Wechsberg never once found it necessary to come to England.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
1. Ephemeral (6)
 5. Went wrong (5)
 8. Elishah (5)
 9. Flow (4)
 10. Attire (5)
 11. Reason (4)
 12. Naked (4)
 13. Fruit (4)
 16. Whipped (6)
 18. Burdened (6)
 20. Budgie (5)
 22. Applaud (4)
 23. Inches (5)
 25. St. George's instrument (5)
 26. Commendum (6)
 27. Finched (5)
 29. Frees (6)
- DOWN
1. Adhering to formal rules (8)
 2. Inventory (8)
 3. Leave out (4)
 4. Fiddle (7)
 5. Built (7)
 6. Reposed (6)
 7. Precise (5)
 11. Keeps retired (8)
 15. Quell (8)
 16. Allotted quantities (7)
 17. Middle parts (7)
 19. Groom (6)
 21. Steward (5)
 24. Fank (4)

SATURDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Silver, Sacks 8. Vent, 9. Gossip, 11. Annual, 12. Talent, 14. Fort, 16. Tastic, 18. Alone, 19. Gossip, 20. Unrest, 24. Chill, 25. Averse, 26. Tote, 27. Eaves, 28. Enamel. Down: 1. Sags, 2. List, 3. Evil, 4. Repeat, 5. Statute, 6. Confess, 7. Sallies, 19. Salon, Muncie, 14. Forbids, 15. Results, 17. Amuse, 19. Gynae, 21. Even, 22. Trim, 23. Fell.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

It's About Time

BY HARRY WEINERT



The installation of the Right Honourable Sir Winston Churchill as a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter will take place on Monday at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and a recording of this historic and stately occasion will be broadcast over Radio Hongkong on Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.

Scotland Yard, Soho, Bond Street, and other famous London landmarks provide the background for a new Paul Temple mystery series, which can be heard weekly on Sundays at 7.30 p.m., starting this week.

"Paul Temple and the Gilbert Case" in eight exciting episodes, follows the adventures of the famous sleuth as he unravels the reason for several mysterious murders. The first victim is a beautiful Bond Street model whose name is charged with the crime. After an interview with the accused, Paul Temple cancels the holiday on which he is about to embark with his wife and concentrates on what turns out to be one of his most successful cases. Paul Temple is played by Peter Coke, and the series is produced by Martin C. Webster.

MUSIC		THE GUV'NOR.
<p>The Sino-British Orchestra, (under S.M. Wong, conductor, "Artistic Fian" will broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hong-kong on Wednesday evening at 8.30. The work they have chosen to play is the well-known Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra by Cesar Franck.</p>	<p>A Tribute to George Edwards, the Creator of English Musical Comedy.</p>	
<p>The solo part is being played by the talented young pianist, Irene Yuen, whose brilliant broadcast over Radio Hong-kong in the past will be remembered by all music lovers.</p>	<p>Introduced by Sir Compton Mackenzie.</p>	
	<p>WEATHER REPORT.</p>	
	<p>8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).</p>	
	<p>8.10 NEWS FROM LONDON (RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.</p>	
	<p>8.15 NEWS OF THE FIRST PIANO QUARTET.</p>	
	<p>I got plenty of "bustin", it ain't necessary to say (Play and Boast). The Man I Love, Strike up the Band, An American in Paris (Glee).</p>	
	<p>8.30 FOLK'S FAVORITES (LONDON RELAY).</p>	
	<p>9.00 SPECIAL COMPOSER OF THE WEEK—BOBBYNY.</p>	

DRAMA

Rex Riedels, who wrote "The Woman on the Beach" which can be heard at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, has written his thriller on a case that happened in Brighton towards the end of the last century.

This story is about a little boy who was poisoned by eating a piece of bread he thought was purely at random from a large shop, and the woman who was arrested for his murder was at no time known to the child.

If ever there was a purpose-made case made like it, but the evidence eventually showed that it was very purposeful indeed. The play is presented by the BBC Repertory Company, and is produced by Raymond Lister.

Chapman No. 2, Mark Hambourg (piano), Quartet No. 2, D. Hall major, Op. 78, Arnold Elder (violin), D. Hall minor (violin), J. Gracie (violin), J. Gracie (cello).

9.30 **THE NEW STUDIO MELODIES.** Jack Cates and his Orchestra Moderns with Steve Whitaker

10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNER
At Your Command—Blow Fox trot with Merv Griffin and the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, Quickstep with Merv Griffin and the Mad Men (vocal), Heavenly Symphonies with Merv Griffin and the Mad Men (vocal), Tell me What Merv Griffin (vocal), Whashash Blues with Merv Griffin and the Mad Men (vocal), Seven Days a Week with Merv Griffin (vocal), Freddy Martin and his Orchestra, Pyram, Samita and his Orchestra, The Four Strings, China Boy, Quickstep, Peg Leg, The Four Strings, The Four Arab, Fox trot (vocal), Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, featuring Merv Griffin and the Mad Men, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Babe Russin, Joe Sullivan, That's no Lady, The Four Strings.

LA BOHEME

In "At the Opera" this week, at 9.15 on Thursday evening, listeners can hear Aelsa and I of Puccini's much loved "La Bohème," based on the novel by Henri Murger, "Le Docteur Bohéme."

This recording is a reproduction of a broadcast made from the Regio Opera House, Turin, in 1940, when Arturo Toscanini conducted a distinguished cast of singers, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

It has been said of this performance that "it glows, has spirit and pace far different from routine interpretations of a Bolero. Hearing these recordings, I am hearing Lucero's masterpiece for the first time."

Mimi is sung by Licia Albanese, Musetta by Ann McKnight, Marcello by Francesco Valentino, and Rodolfo by Jan Peerce.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 360 kilocycles per second and a 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Continuing Rainier — Quikstep; Preney, Mrs. John Tandy; Blue Skies—Quikstep; Once in a while—FoxTrot; Jan Cordwener and his Melrose Orchestra. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMS MONDAY & WEATHER REPORT.

10.02 SPORTS RESULTS.

10.03 MORNING NEWS.

10.05 NEW CONCERT ORCHESTRA.

10.06 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MOSCOW.

Today

2.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUM-
MARY.

2.35 SONGS FROM THE SHOW "Jam"
"Round the Town" with
Barbara Welch, John Joyce,
Barbara Leigh, Billy Tennant
and his Concert Orchestra.

3.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSICAL
SCRAPBOOK.

3.15 SPECIAL, OTHER REPORT
AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-
MENTS.

3.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

Oberon—Overture (Weber)—Karl
Johnson conducting the Vienna
Philharmonic Orchestra.
"Omphalee," Op. 31 (Saint-Saëns)—
Marche Joyeuse (Chabrier); Espana—
Chabrier—Emmett Ansell con-
ducting the Orchestra De La Suisse
Romande.

4.00 "FORCES' PROGRAMMES."

4.05 EDUCATING ARCHIE.
With Peter Brough, and Archie
Auld.

4.30 STUDIO: CONTEMPORARY
JAZZ.
Presented by Paul Perry.

5.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL RE-
QUESTS.
Presented by Rosemary.

5.40 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.
Presented by Stuart Howard.

6.15 N. NAME
BY WILKIE
David R. Collins. Produced by
David R. Godfrey.

6.45 Part 1: "In Hiding."
Part 2: "ON A RHYTHM."
Come on and Stomp, Stomp,
Stomp—Rumpley Lyttelton and his
band. Let's walk that way—
Marie Day and Johanna Jay (vocal)

JOSEPH'S CHURCH.
Preacher: The Rev. Father E.
Collins, S.J.

11.20 NATIAN MILSTEIN (VIOLIN)
WITH ORCHESTRA.
Ave Maria (Schubert); Puccini
Valsecra (Dancing Doll) (Poldini);
Agnes Un Reve (After a Dream)
(Faure).

11.30 MORNING PROM.
COLAS Breugnot—Overture
(Kabalevsky)—Pittsburgh Symphony
Orch. cond. by Fritz Reiner.
Symphonic Poem "The Golden
Spinning Wheel," Op. 100 (Dvorak)
—Royal Philharmonic Orch. cond.
by Sir Thomas Beecham.

12.00 DALLAD FAVORITES—
BLANCHE TREBOM.

FERNAND

[illegible]

conducted by Momiia Litter.

0 A CHURCH OF SCOTLAND
SERVICE FOR THE FORTH
Conducted by the Rev. D. F.
Baxter, CP.

and the Forties' Choir conducted
by Warrant Officer J. H. Ayres.

0 MELODIA ENFANOLAN
(WITH VOICE.)

0 Campana, Amerigo-orely, Ay
tugal vocal, Bolero en Aragon
vocal, Mi Puchierito Luis Araque
vocal, La Grita Espanola De Juan
Pique Mir vocal, Hittani Fere
La Vida Breve-Spanish
Symphony Orch. cond. by
Lupato, Espana de
vocal; Granada, Ay
nada vocal; Maruxa, Maruxina
vocal, En el Panto de
Araque & his Orch. Espanola

Monday

1.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND
OPENING MARCH

1.02 LIGHTS

1.03 NEWS SUMMARY.

1.20 TOP OF THE MORN.
TIME SIGNAL AND
WEATHER REPORT AND
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.10 CLOSING THE AID.

1.00 CLOSING THE AID.

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.32 DOUBLE ATTRACTION.
HIS MARCEL and his Orch.
Tony Martin (Vocal).

BBC Overseas Shortwave

SATURDAY, JUNE 12
 P.M. PORTRAIT OF A SHIP.
 THE NEWS.
 NEWS TALK.
 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 THE NEWS.
 THE VOICES.
 IAN STEWART.
 the piano.
 First Test Match
 ENGLAND
 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
 THE NEWS.
 THE NEWS.
 FROM BRITAIN.
 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
 H. Den. RADIO NEWSREEL.
 THE NEWS.
 ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER
 REMEMBE.
 His Majesty the Queen.
 ceremony on Horse Guards
 and, London, with a description
 of the ceremony.

Victor Silverstone and his Orchestra.
 9.15 First Test Match
 ENGLAND v. PAKISTAN.
 9.55 WELSH MAGAZINE.
 10.00 THE NEWS.
 10.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 10.15 Huddle Hill
 "MRS. SWINFORD REMEM-
 BER".
 Play by Stella Margaretson.
 10.55 A SWAN SONG.
 11.00 Play in one act by Anton Chekhov
 Translated by Constance Garnett.
 11.05 H. Den. RADIO NEWSREEL.
 11.10 Peter Cook and Marjorie
 Westbury in
 "PAUL, TEMPLE AND THE
 CLOUT CASE".
 A serial in eight parts by Francis
 Darbridge. In "The Unhappy One".
 11.45 THE NEWS.
 SERVANTS OF THE KING.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13
 8 p.m. **SUNDAY SERVICE.**
 In Trinity Protestant Church
 Conducted by
 the Rev. Wynford Davies.
THE NEWS.
NEWS TALK.
SPORTS ROUND-UP.
ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
 Alfred Marks in
'THE FORCES' SHOW'.

Talk by Professor R. F. Trehearne
 on the medieval origins of the Civil
 Service.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15
 7.30 p.m. **COMMONWEALTH CLUB.**
THE NEWS.
 8.10 **NEWS TALK.**
 8.15 **SPORTS ROUND-UP.**
 8.30 **'FORCES' MAGAZINE.**
 9.00 **LET'S MAKE A MAGAZINE.**
 A programme of recordings telling

CLIFF ROGERS and Fred Yule.	the story of a venture by a group of London children.
BILLY CURZON.	9.10 First Test Match
THE NEWS.	9.10 ENGLAND V PAKISTAN.
HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.	9.35 THE BILLY MAYERLY
AND THE NEWS.	9.40 RHITHYR
Jenkins and the Palm Court	9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
theatre.	10.00 THE NEWS.
Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL	10.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
CONCERTO.	10.15 SOUVENIRS OF MUSIC.
In Concerto No. 3 in G minor	10.30 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
(10) by Mozart played by Maria	11.15 In Concert Hall.
and the News in No. 1	NATIONAL YOUTH
Conductor, John Hopkins.	CHESTRA
programme also includes:	of Great Britain.
1. The News in No. 1	Conducts Gunga. A pro-
del. Suite: Polka et Melange	gramme of music by Rossini,

MONDAY, JUNE 14
8 p.m. BUILDING A NEW WORLD.
 Sam Pollock. The story of Britain's exporting exports with recordings from Africa, Canada, Australia, and Brazil.
THE NEWS.
9.15 NEWS TALK.
SPORTS REVIEW.
TOURIST TRAP.
 A commentary on the closing Light and finish of the international Light-weight 125 cc event.
8.55 Interlude.
9.30 MUSIC.
MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.

Tuesday, June 15
 8.30 p.m. **THE NEWS.**
 8.55 **Interlude.**
 9.30 **MUSIC.**
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16
 7.30 p.m. **RHYTHM IS THEIR BUSINESS.**
THE NEWS.
8.10 NEWS TALK.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 TOURIST TRAP.
Motor Cycle Races.
 A commentary on the closing Light and finish of the international Light-weight 125 cc event.
8.55 Interlude.
9.30 MUSIC.
MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.

Thursday, June 17
 8.30 p.m. **THE NEWS.**
 8.55 **Interlude.**
 9.30 **MUSIC.**
FRIDAY, JUNE 18
 8.30 p.m. **THE NEWS.**
 8.55 **Interlude.**
 9.30 **MUSIC.**
SATURDAY, JUNE 19
 8.30 p.m. **THE NEWS.**
 8.55 **Interlude.**
 9.30 **MUSIC.**

Sunday, June 20
 8.30 p.m. **THE NEWS.**
 8.55 **Interlude.**
 9.30 **MUSIC.**

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<p>"BOX '66" BEAT GILBERT AT THE ORGAN." 09.00 "ON THE BEAT" (RECORDED). Dance Band of the Hongkong Special Constabulary. Directed by Albi Hidalgo. 10.00 3 VIOLETS. A Weekly Magazine Programme Devoted to Literature, Drama and the Theatre. Edited and Introduced by Donald Brooks. Reviewed by Charles Lewis "The Laughing Matter" by William Mayhew, "Devious and Deceit" by John Galsworthy, "The Day" by D. H. Lawrence, "Travel" by Michael Faber. 10.50 WEATHER by Donald Brooks. 11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD WEATHER (LONDON DELAY). 11.10 NEWS TALK (LONDON DELAY). 11.20 NEWS OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 11.30 "SUMMER LIGHTNING." The Joys and Tribulations of the Gods and Goddesses of the Roman Pantheon. Special Play by Jack Shepherd (Act 3). 12.00 Randum Huh Perse.</p>	<p>Tuesday</p> <p>7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH. 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC. 7.05 NEWS. 7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING. 8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS. 8.10 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR. 8.00 CORB. (HONG KONG). 12.13 p.m. STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS. Rev. J. E. Handbach. 12.20 PROGRAMME SUMMARY. 12.32 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND. 1.00 TIME SIGNAL. TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED. 1.05 News and Dave Kaye (on two Planes). 1.15 The Pan Alamy Medley; Waiters Medley. 1.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.</p>
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	with Randolph, Dorothy Perry, Clyde	1.30 MUSIC FROM OPERA.
	Guthrie-Hansen, Ralph Orler, Judy	1.40 BIRDS DOWN.
	Wheeler, Ted Shepherd. Produced	6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-
	Jack Shephard.	GRAMME SUMMARY.
30	OBRON WELLES IN "THE	6.03 MELODY WITH THE STARS.
	MUSICIUM" (TOWERS	6.30 HUBBARD'S BRASS BAND.
	OF LONDON).	The National Youth Brass Band
	No. 13 in the Series of Pro-	of Great Britain
	grammes Based on the Records	Conducted by Eric Ball.
	of the same band at the same Yard.	7.00 STUDIO: "HEARING."
	Episode 13: "The Bath."	Presented by Bernard Bicks.
30	TIME SIGNAL, HANDS	7.30 STUDIO: LA DEMI-HEURE
	ACROSS THE KEY.	WITH GAILER.
	"The Feminine Touch."	5.15 WEATHER REPORT.
	Secret-Alice Jenkins; Mr	8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD-
	Heddle Blues-Mary Lou Williams;	NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
	Mr. J. C. Taylor; The Dogaht;	8.10 RADIO AMERICA'S HOLIDAY
	Unbreakable-you'll know Scott;	(RELAT OR SPECIAL AN-
	Brian Stomp-Clee Brezel.	NOUCEMENTS.
30	CONCERTO	8.15 HUGH WESTERHALL'S HIS-
	Concerto in E Major (Albinoni).	TORICAL CHRONOS.
		The Mule Driver; Across the Wide

Programmes:

8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
Blow, Blow winds of the sea—Glynis Gibson (vocal); Venetian; Beyond the Blue Horizon.

9.00 STUDIO: TIME SIGNAL.
MUSICAL NOTEBOOK.
Presented by the Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, S.J.

9.10 THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER (RECORDED IN LONDON RELAY).

15	COLONIAL COMMENTARY.	The installation of the Rt. Hon.
20	THIS NEWS.	Sir Winston Churchill, as a
25	HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.	Knight of the Order, in the
30	NEW RECORDS.	Presence of the Princess, the
35	Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.	Queen at a Service of Installation
40	TWENTY QUESTIONS	in St George's Chapel,
45	Commonwealth Team.	Windsor.
50	WARWICK DEOPING. Adapted from	10.00 ANTHONY COLLINS CON-
55	a novel as a serial in live parts	DUCTING THE N E W
60	Betty Stafford Robinson. Part 2.	SYMPHONY
		Fantasy on "Greensleeves"
		(Vaughan Williams); Serenade in E

THURSDAY, JUNE 17
 3.00 p.m. **SPA ORCHESTRA**,
 directed by David McCullough,
 1.5 **SPORTING RECORD**,
 2.0 **THE NEWS**,
 2.15 **NEWS TALK**,
 2.30 **SPORTS ROUND-UP**,
 3.00 **CONCERT GRAND**,
 3.15 **THE NEWS**, in contrasting styles,
 3.30 **SHORT STORY**,
 3.45 **Too Often?**, by Vicky Goulding
 4.00 **THE NEWS**, by Chairman,
 4.15 **SANDY MACPIHKUN**,
 the theatre organ,
 4.30 **THE NEWS THESE THINGS**,
 minor for Strings, Op. 20 (Elgar),
 10.15 **THE NEWS**,
 "The Three-Cornered Hat" (De
 Falla),
 Ernest Annermel conducting
 1.5 **Orchestre de Yo Sulae** Romance
 with Soprano Voice,
 10.59 **WEATHER REPORT**,
 11.00 **THE NEWS**,
 11.15 **REEL (LONDON RELAY)**,
 11.30 **GOODNIGHT MUSIC**,
 11.45 **THE NEWS**,
 Op. 10 (Gabriel Fauré) - Kathleen
 Long (Piano) and the National
 Symphony Orch. cond. by Boyd
 Arch.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,
 Arch.

HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
5 BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by Villem Tausky
Symphony No. 8, in G (Le Sot-
ravans; The Oak and the Ash,
provisions on a North-Coun-
try — Maurice Joadino; Feies —
Busby.
7.00 a.m. BEN. RADIO NEWSREEL.
5 THE SPECTACLE!
New play by Rex Hennis, Adapted

on the novel by Rayne Kruger.	8.00	TIME SIGNAL.	NEWS,
FRIDAY, JUNE 18			
5 p.m. Sale of Man		9.00	OTHER SUPPORT
TOURIST TROPHY			SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
Motor Cycle Races.	9.10	MUSIC IN THE AIR.	
commentary on the start of the	9.00	CLOSE DOWN.	
Motor Cycle Races, Senior event,	12.30	P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.	
THE NEWS.	12.30	MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.	
NEWS TALK.	1.15	N.W. WEATHER REPORT	
SPORTS ROUND-UP.		AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-	
TOURIST TROPHY		MENTS.	
	1.50	AFTERNOON CONCERT.	
	2.00	CLOSE DOWN.	

1	progress report on the International Senior event.	6.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.	PRO-
2	2 Radio Society presents Edith Evans in		STUDIO: LUCKY	DIP-
3	"ROBERT'S WIFE."		PRESENTED BY Margherita.	
4	5 J. J. Gervais	7.00	POPS MUSIC FROM THE CANARY ISLANDS	THE
5	8 THE NEWS.		"Canciones de las Islas	LAIA
6	9 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.			
7	10 HOME AND AWAY.			
8	11 LETTER FROM AMERICA.	7.15	ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK-RESIDENCY ORCHESTRA (THE	THE
9	12 Big Ben, RADIO NEWSREEL, VARIETY, LAYOUSHOW.		Concerto in D minor for two	
10	13 CHIEF OF POLICE.		violin (J. S. Bach) - Ilberman	

By Milk

7.59	WEATHER REPORT.	Live for the Tonight- Leon Coopers (Cond):
8.00	THE LOST AND FOUND WORLD NEWS (LONDON LURE)	Gardens-Jack Leon Leopold (cond. your voice - Reg. Coopers - Jack Leon)
8.10	NEWS TALK (LONDON NEWS) OF SPECIAL AN- NOUNCEMENTS.	GOOD SAYS THE QUEEN.
8.15	MUSIC OF VINCENT YOU- MASS COMPOSER.	11.30 CLOSE DOWN
	Hallelujah - with the George Herald Choir. Tea for two-orch. Sometimes I'm happy-orch. I want a song-orch. Great Day-with the George Mitchell Choir - Robert Karnon and his Oren.	
8.30	CONCERT BY THE KING- STREET ORCHESTRA (KING- STREET HALL).	7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING
	Conducted by Aristo Fox with Leon Coopers (piano). Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra by Cesar Franck	7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
8.00	THE WIGAN, WEDNESDAY THEATRE.	7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
	By Rex Hymond on the Drach- by Rex Hymond.	7.20 NEWS MORNING.
	Produced by Raymond Haikes and Rex Hymond. Cast: Cyril Shaps; Angela Laurie; Mary Brady; Mary Blewley; Paton Brown; Marcia Patella; Patricia Williams; Bony Joan Sanderson; Dr John Rich- mond; Hugh Manning; Rose Manning.	7.25 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL AN- NOUNCEMENTS.
		8.00 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
		8.10 CLOSE DOWN.
		12.15 NEWS MORNING PRAYER by the Rev. Father R. W. Ga- rdens, R.C. (Studio).
		12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
		12.35 JOURNEY INTO MELODY. Orchestra: Percy Faith and H. Orchestra.
		1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCE- MENTS.

MacSwiney, Tony Quinn; Mr	1.30	MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
Madame Hayes, David Huggins,	1.35	CLOSE DOWN.
Madonna, Walter, Virginia		
Winner.		
LONDON STUDIO MILOKIB.	6.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PRO
Mr. York and his Concert	6.02	BRIEFING SUMMARY.
Orchestra and his Five	6.03	SCHOOL (JEMTS).
Peniles.		By Anthony Duckering.
Idol: As apple elder; Feelin	6.04	Johnny watch at the Match.
ing; Avalun; Nubony's Sweet-		CANTONER BY RADIO -
heart, Buddy's Rabbit, Boneyard		(JEMTS).
and; If I had you, That's it		Prepared by S. K. Les. Assis-
that I had you.		ted by Denis Bray and Le
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-	6.45	JACKIE OLGAARD AND HIS
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		ORCHESTRA PLAY A MUBALI
1.05 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		RETAIN TO HIS BAL
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		LET "TAWN".
1.10 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		THE GIRL; THE BOY; THE Dance
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		1.00 ARTIST OF THE WEEK -
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		KATHLEEN FERHIE (CON)
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		With Frederic Stone (Piano)
1.20 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-	1.30	WILF BINDING.
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		WILF BINDING.
1.25 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
1.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-	1.35	Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
1.35 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
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1.45 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
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1.50 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
1.55 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
2.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
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4.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
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4.20 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
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REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
4.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
4.35 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
REEL (LONDON RMLAY).		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen
4.40 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-		Remesh Hone, Sam Costen

Thursday

12.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL AND
OPENING MARCH.
12.01 LIGHT MUSIC.
12.02 NEWS SUMMARY.
12.03 TOP OF THE MORN.
12.04 TIME SIGNAL.
12.05 WEATHER REPORT AND
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
12.06 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
12.07 CLOSE DOWN.
12.08 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.09 NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
12.10 TIME SIGNAL.
12.11 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT
AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-
MENTS.

1.00 NEWS TALK (LONDON RE-
LAY) OR SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENTS.
1.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
Overture "Il Signor B" (chines-
(Rossini) — N.B.C. Symphon-
cond. by Arturo Toscanini. A ref-
(Chaminade) Shura Chera-
(Piano); Hungarian Dance No. 1
(in A Major) (Brahms) — Cam-
(Violin) with Orchestral Solo
Scherzo in blue (Cisac) (Car-
Alberto Pizzini) — Orchestra (dual
(Lovers) (Lovers) (Lovers) (Lovers)

1.30 ELIZABETHAN THEATRE
"WHAT IS HONOUR?"
The story in a series of three
Lessons. Programme by
H. A. L. Craig and E. D. Smith.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSIC
IN THE AIR. HOUR-CLASSICAL
REQUESTS.

1.00	LONDON STUDIO MELODIES. Bernard Monahan and His Con- tastic Tasse Orchestra.	Presented by Curtis Lindson (Studio).
2.00	CLOSE DOWN.	To include—Violin Concerto by Paganini; a Strauss Waltz; a by Debussy; The "Classical" Sym- phony of Prokofoff.
3.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PRO- GRAMME SUMMARY.	10.00 CHICKENING CHARACTERS. Second of Three Talks by Leatrice Colson—"matine- e avec W. G. Grace."
4.00	STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR Presented by Robin Day.	10.15 BOULEVARD CAFE. J'ai Peur de Revenir; Un Petit L'Amour; Les Femmes d'Alger.
5.00	STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HOUR.	
6.00	STUDIO: "HIT PARADE" HOUR.	

THE WEEK'S TEN TOP
TUNES.
Presented by Bernard Heik.
30 STUDIO: "DOWN MEMORY
LANE."
Presented by Allen Woods.
40 TIME SIGNAL: ALL THE WORLD
NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
10 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY)
OR SPECIAL AN-
15 NOUNCEMENT:
"RUNNING LIGHTNING"
(vocal) with ... Love, George
Orch: La Loi de L'Amour; Survivre
D'un Jour — Georges Guestar
(vocal); L'île des Cocotiers—Verl
(vocal); Deyrli (vocal); La Tite Amie
et Mote—Verl; Deyrli
1030 RECORD ROUND-ABOUT.
Jalousie; Moonlight and Roses;
Falling Love song; Poor Butterfly;
Birds and Bees; We
in a shadow; Hello, Young Love
(Rodgers — Hammerstein) — Jan

The Joys and Tribulations of the
Randoms in Hongkong. (Part 4.)
Cast: Tom Randoom, Bob Perry;
 Cast: Tom Randoom, Bob Perry;
 Williamah, Ralph Otter; Judy
 Miller, Janet Shepherd; Produced
 by John W. Jones.
30 TAKE IT FROM HERE.
With Joy Nichols, Dick Bentley,
and Jimmy Edwards.
100 TIME SIGNAL STUDIO:
SPORTS REVIEW BY JOHN
W. JONES.
15 AT THE OPERA.
"LA BOHEME" ACTS I AND

rowed (vocal). In all this world
 of the human race. (Makela
 believe! Miskur Weh Gulu
 and his Orch.
1055 WEATHER REPORT.
1100 NATIONAL RADIO NEWS-
REEL (LONDON RELAY).
1115 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
1120 (LONDON RELAY.) Leighton
 Lucas and his Orch: Gavotte in J
 (for strings) (Bach)-Sir Henry J
 (for strings) (Bach)-Sir Henry J
 Symphony Orch: Minuet No. 3
 G (Beethoven) - Langham Salome
 G (Chab. Malmgren) in C Major
 (Lange) - and
 London Baroque Ensemble cond.

10 TIME FOR MUSIC. Twentieth Century Serenaders	11:30 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. CLOSE DOWN.
--	--

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Basketball Has Rocketed High As A Popular Sport In The Army

By ARCHIE QUICK

Basketball has rocketed high into the popularity class in the British Army. The American troops brought their national game with them and it has stayed chiefly because it requires a minimum of equipment and no elaborate pitch is required, indoors or out.

It is a surprising fact that the Army Basketball Association has 1,000 members and this season's Cup competition attracted 150 club entries. That is a high figure considering the number of units overseas.

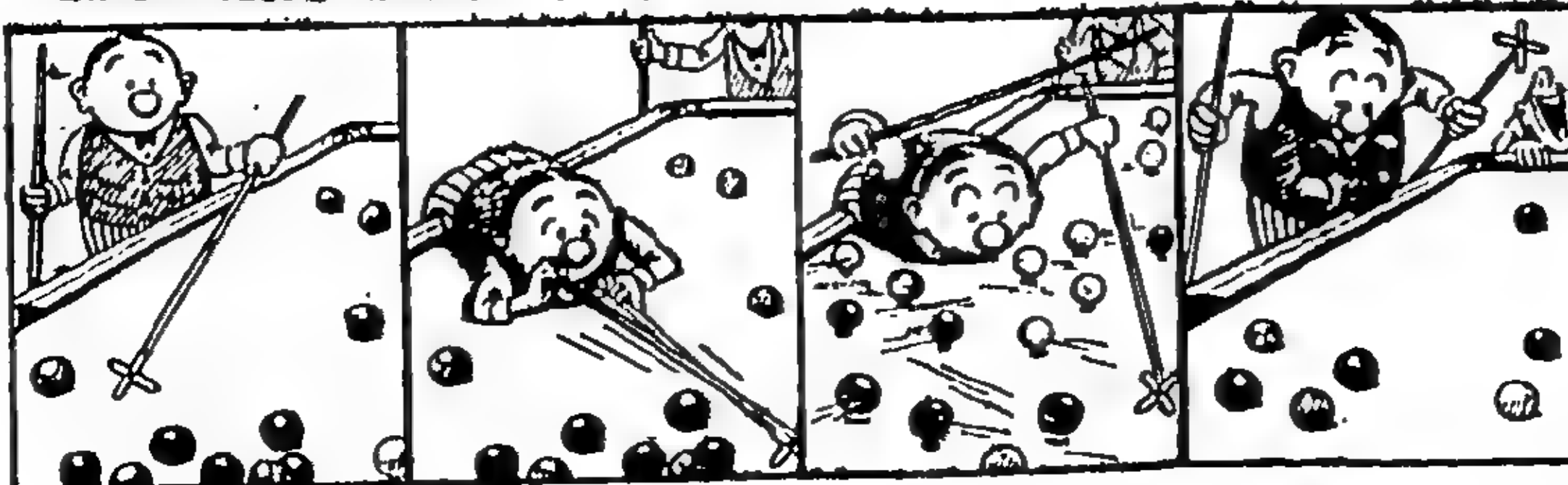
It is not only the fact that the Army Basketball Association has 1,000 members and this season's Cup competition attracted 150 club entries. That is a high figure considering the number of units overseas.

The full Army side has already this season twice beaten the RAF in Wales, and at Aldershot, the Army was so great that many of the RAF players will have to wait for a second course to be arranged.

It is not only the fact that the Army Basketball Association has 1,000 members and this season's Cup competition attracted 150 club entries. That is a high figure considering the number of units overseas.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SELECTION OF COLONY BOWLERS FOR VANCOUVER WAS NO EASY TASK

By "TOUCHER"

Congratulations to the five lawn bowlers — Eric Liddell, Alfred Coates, Robert Gourlay, Raoul Luz and Joe Luz—who have been selected to represent Hongkong in the Empire Games lawn bowls competitions at Vancouver.

To these may be added our best wishes that they will be able to hold high Hongkong's flag both on the green and off it.

The selection of the final five representatives has not been an easy task for the Selection Committee and their final list is generally well received by the Colony's lawn bowls fraternity.

The exact date when the team will leave Hongkong will be decided at a meeting of the Selection Committee on June 22, and it is expected to be somewhere near the end of July.

The team will be away for three weeks, during which time they will take part in the Singles, Pairs and Rink Championships at Vancouver.

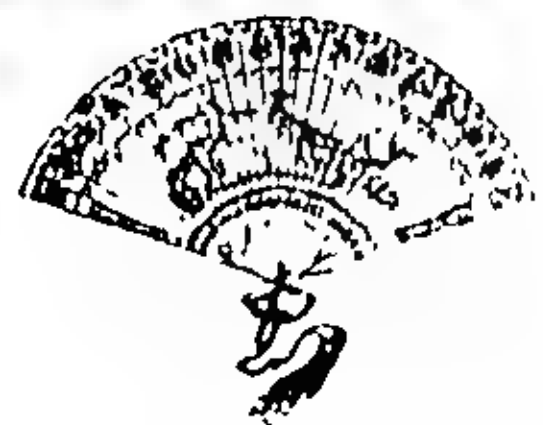
While the selections for the singles and rinks berths deserve little comment, the pairs could, in my opinion, have been strengthened if Alfred Coates and Raoul Luz had been paired together.

Coates played consistently well in all the Interport matches in which he took part and is still one of the best drawing men in the Colony. More important, however, is the fact that in pairs the need of experienced directions is much greater than in singles or rinks.

The skip will have to depend on his No. 1's directions not for four woods, or three woods, but for four woods.

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At the same meeting, Welshman John Disney, who placed third in the 3,000 Metres Steeplechase at the last Olympic Games, ran the Two Miles in a very fast 8 minutes 57.8 seconds.

Ken Wilmsworth, who has brought the British record in the Hop, Step and Jump up to 48 feet 11 inches, maintained his consistency over 48 feet with a triple jump of 48 feet 12 inches. He also won the 440 Yards Hurdles in 56.2 seconds.

Coming to this afternoon's League matches, the first Division match between Recreio "Blues" and KCC at Recreio

will undoubtedly take the top spot.

The Cricket Club bowlers have won both their matches by handsome 4-1 margins and with two games in hand are only seven points behind the League-leading Recreio "Blues".

A 4-1 win for them today will place them in as good if not better a position than the "Blues".

Both Jimmy Wong's and Bill Hong Sling's rinks can be depended upon to give their Recreio opponents, whoever they are drawn against, a close game. The issue will depend largely on the temperamental rink skipped by Tommy Baker.

Against the very careful play of the Recreio bowlers, it is doubtful if Baker will be able to run up the huge scores that he has in the last two matches.

Slightly more cautious play by his rink will probably produce better overall results here. I should tip Recreio to win by a 4-1 margin.

Indian Recreation Club, who suffered a severe setback when they were badly defeated by 5-0 by Recreio "Blues" two weeks ago, may have all their hopes of being in the run sink to a new low unless they show much better form this afternoon against the strong drawing squad of Recreio "Whites".

The Indian threes and skips in particular will have to put in their full share if their side is to come out with the three points which I think they will be able to take.

The match between Police and the Kowloon Bowling Green Club should be a very close affair. The Policemen are in better form than their more reputed opponents, but will be badly handicapped for lack of a suitable skip in one of their rinks to replace Ken Bodie.

Benny Goodman is taking over that rink, but with all due respect to my friend Benny, I think this rink will prove to be the weak link that will give the Kowloonites their 3-2 win.

In the Second Division, League-leading Recreio are expected to meet with little opposition from the Hongkong Cricket Club and should be able to get away with the maximum points.

The Hongkong Football Club will also have little difficulty in retaining their second position with probably full points from the Police.

Strongly-contending Kowloon Cricket Club, who are now placed third in the table and who are the only unbeaten team in this division, will, however, be given an extremely close game by a reshuffled Crispin-gower opposition. A 3-2 or 4-1 win for the Valley Club is very likely.

The Third Division games will see the favourites, IRC, HKERC,

KCC and FC, pitted against fairly easy opponents and all expected, except for HKERC, to come through with 4-1 wins.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Recreio "Blues" v. KCC
PRC v. KBGC
IRC v. Recreio "Whites"
FC v. CCC (Postponed)
KCC (bye)

Second Division

CCC v. KCC
KBGC v. TC
IRC v. USRC
HKCC v. Recreio
HKFC v. PRC

Third Division

HKFC v. IRC
USRC v. HKERC
KCC v. CCC
PRC v. FC

LEAGUE STANDINGS

First Division

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
Recreio "Blues"	4	4	0	0	16
Recreio "Whites"	3	2	0	1	10
CCC	3	2	0	1	10
KCC	2	2	0	0	8
PRC	4	1	0	3	8
IRC	2	1	0	1	4
KBGC	2	1	0	1	4
FC	2	0	0	2	3
KDC	4	0	0	4	3

Second Division

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
Recreio	4	3	0	1	13
HKFC	5	8	0	2	14
KCC	3	3	0	0	13
USRC	4	2	0	2	11
IRC	3	2	0	1	10
CCC	4	2	0	2	9
KBGC	3	2	0	1	8
TC	5	1	0	4	7
HKCC	2	0	0	2	2
PRC	3	0	0	3	1

Third Division

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
KCC	1	1	0	0	5
IRC	1	1	0	0	5
FC	1	1	0	0	4
HKERC	1	1	0	0	4
USRC	1	0	0	1	1
PRC	1	0	0	1	1
CCC	1	0	0	1	0
HKFC	1	0	0	1	0

SKIPS' TABLES

First Division

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	U.	D.	Pts.
K. Bodie (PRC)	4	4	0	0	97	61	30	—	4
T. E. Baker (KCC)	2	2	0	0	65	35	30	—	2
J. A. Luz (Rec. Blues)	4	2	2	0	112	64	48	—	2
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec. Blues)	4	2	2	0	89	63	26	—	2
A. A. Lopez (Rec. Whites)	2	2	0	0	45	28	17	—	2
R. Bass (FC)	2	2	0	0	48	39	9	—	2
A. E. Elliot (KDC)	4	2	2	0	64	79	9	—	2
A. E. Coates (CCC)	3	2	1	0	58	56	2	—	2
J. S. Landolt (CCC)	3	2	1	0	59	58	1	—	2
C. R. Rosset (CCC)	3	2	1	0	54	55	—	—	2
C. A. Danenberg (Rec. Whites)	3	2	1	0	60	53	—	—	2

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Looking Back On The 1953-54 Soccer Season

By I. M. MacTAVISH

At the end of each football season it is customary to review what has taken place: pay tribute to those who have achieved worthy success; and often paint a 'silver-lining' picture for those who have found the going hard and difficult.

It makes interesting food for thought to look back over the season and examine not only our play but also the environment against which it took place.

We got off to a bad start. We had early difficulties as far as grounds were concerned and we had the unforgivable sight of the 'big fish' finding excuses why they should not appear on grounds where no crowds were permitted... and at the same time we saw the minnows pitted against each other on whatever pitch happened to be available.

All this was going on against a cacophony of argument and counter argument on various subjects and to the opinion that our football was definitely not what it used to be.

The League table took on a completely false appearance and it was only when the big stadia were ready that the "popular" sides began to show an interest in the proceedings.

Our various visitors during the season gave variety to the normal local programme and while we shall recall the Djurgarden visit with understandable pleasure, some will try to forget that the Kogge and Pegasus affairs took place.

Why that should be so is hard to understand if logical thought is applied to the visits. Kogge were the current League leaders of their national First Division when they came here and Pegasus held the FA Amateur Cup.

Neither side played well in their various games in the Colony and Pegasus in particular showed a strange lack of traditional determination with the result that the Colony representative sides worthily won five and drew one of the games played against them.

Manila offered no opposition to our players and All-India, who were our last visitors, were entertaining exponents of the game without being able to show us anything new.

LOST INTERPORTS

In international football our more recent achievements hardly need repeating, but it is important to realise that in both our Interport encounters away from the Colony—against Macao and Singapore—the Colony sides were beaten.

Later, however, some of our players won the Asian Games Championship for Taiwan. The Hongkong team went through its games in the same tournament without defeat and in an exhibition match held here last week they showed that they were not one bit inferior to their colleagues who had elected to represent Nationalist China... and all that, hardly tallying with the suggestion that our soccer is deteriorating.

And so to the players. Goal-keeper Granger has already received the plaudits of the foot-

ball followers and his acclamation as 'Footballer of the Year' was but due reward for a season of admirable consistency with spectacular brilliance only when the situation demanded it.

To my mind the next outstanding personality during the season was 'Flash Harry' Han Yung-sung. He was often brilliant, sometimes his play was disappointing... but he was never dull.

His prodigious kicking, tempered with the inch-perfect side-of-the-foot pass, raised him to the status of the football artist... even if his meanderings down the right wing sometimes meant trouble for his side.

One great thing in his favour was that he was always trying to win. He was often fighting a losing battle but he was still fighting when the final whistle went. How the game will make him when the time comes for him to hang up his boots.

Others who have made special contributions to our entertainment were Chan Fung-hung — what a bright future lies ahead of him — Tong Sheung, Fraser, Ko Po-keung, Wan Fook-hing, Sze Man, Chi Wing-keung, Mok Chun-wah, and for his magnificent hat-trick against Pegasus, Hau Ching-lo.

Apart from these players the season produced many others who by their consistent and accomplished play produced the vital stability of our game. Players like Tang Sum, Chow Man-chi, Wells, Armstrong, Gilbey, Ng Kee-cheung, Hounball, Tse Kam-ho, Jobling, and a host of others. Such players were the foundation of football in the Colony.

IN QUADRUPPLICATE

And now the MacTavish Topper is doffed—in quadruplicate—for the last time this season to four players who are due special commendation. First to goalkeeper John Taylor of Jardine's... for all the circumstances that led up to his now legendary performance between the sticks against All-India... to Santos, of the Prisons, for his consistent brilliance when pulled back from the depths of the Second Division to his rightful place in top-class representative football... to Sze To Yiu who must surely get the undisputed award of the season's 'Most Versatile Player'... and finally to Ho Cheung-hau, a youngster whose potential brilliance appears to worry some so-called football fans, but a player who is destined to go right to the top, with or without the encouragement of an unsympathetic section of the Colony's spectators... to him goes the title of the 'Season's Most Promising Player'.

Looking back, there are certainly some moments and incidents we shall want to forget, but there are also many that we shall recall with pleasure and satisfaction.

For these moments the players are in the main responsible and they are therefore due the appreciation of our football public, but it would be wrong to close the log of season 1953-54 without a word of praise to the long-suffering officials who took charge of the various games.

There is really a thankless task. Efficiency is taken for granted; inefficiency — real or imaginary — is shouted from the house tops... both by you and by me... but nevertheless after some of the refereeing we have seen in Manila and in Macao there can be no doubt that our officials here in Hongkong do a very good job.

ABSOLUTE FARCE

I have been asked many times recently what I thought about the fantastic play-off arrangements that took place recently in the Second Division. I confess that I, like so many others, see it only as an absolute farce.

How Tulkoo, who had a wonderful season and won their section of the league, could become involved with the runners-up in the other section after their Championship play-off with KMB is very hard to understand and the whole thing has left a deal of suspicion in many minds.

Will someone please explain how two Section Champions can play off for a Divisional Championship and the losing side do not become runners-up... it's a strange do...

DISAPPOINTING

Since my article last Saturday regarding the termination of the probationary arrangement between the HKFA and Mr Tom Sneddon many indications of the disappointment of the decision has caused by its being heard and read in many places.

There have been strong indications too that many folks closely connected with various grades of local football would like to see the Council give further consideration to the matter before it is too late.

However, from available information it seems that the decision of the Council was almost inevitable because certain important factors in connection with Mr Sneddon's availability and the scope of his work had not been publicised as they should have been... but that is another story which only the Association can clear up for itself.

Incidentally, there was no leakage of information from the closed meeting of the Association at which the Sneddon business was discussed. I believe Mr Sneddon was informed of the decision within 48 hours of it being made... and from there on whatever happened could hardly be called a leak... as it was Mr Sneddon expected to 'keep it under his hat' that he had been sacked....??

WORTHWHILE

In one of the Clubs the other day I heard this question "What would give the biggest allip to our football next season?" If this was intended as a domestic question I believe the answer is easy... a powerful police collecting Hongkong Football Club team... if Transient Services teams will, if their form warrants it... be popular... but a really strong Club side would give a competitive continuity that the Services sides cannot hope to do. I appreciate that the Club has its problems but the return from a Club side fighting it out among the leaders would make the effort well worthwhile.

THIS IS THE BEST THING I EVER SAW

the Colony

WOW

SOUTH CHINA MORNING

HONG & KOWLOON

POP



Tidy dive



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"CALCHAS"	Dublin & Liverpool 23rd July	24th July

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S. "AGAPENOR"	do 22nd June	23rd June
S. "ADRANTUS"	do 28th June	29th June
G. "PATROCLOS"	do 12th June	13th July
S. "BELLEROPHON"	17th June	22nd July
G. "ALCINOUS"	24th June	29th July

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

BOYS AND GIRLS... UNMASK THIS—

MAN from MARS



THE Detection Squad—and that means ALL you boys and girls—goes into action today to catch out a trickster who goes about cheating children of their Saturday's pocket money.

He comes to YOU. And that is unwise of him, because you, of course, prove too clever for him. Like this. First the trickster, tall and bearded, tells you a fantastic story.

He is a Martian, he says. He has just landed in a spaceship from the planet Mars. He makes it sound all the more plausible because this month Mars will, in fact, be nearly to the earth (40,000,000 miles away) than for 15 years. No one saw him come because he landed in a remote and lonely spot, and to prove his tale he shows you a photograph—the one above. "This is Mars," he

tells you. "Look, you can see our tanks and planes and soldiers. As you know, we are a warlike people." Now—he wants you to buy the photograph. But you do not fall for his trick.

You have studied the picture and spotted the seven clues which give it away as a fake. That is the end of the trickster. Now just to see if you found all seven clues check with the solution on Page 20.

You Can Make A Doll With Spools

By MARGARET O. HYDE

MATERIALS: 10 regular size spools, 1 larger size spool, 1 giant size spool, tempora or enamel paint, cord.

WHAT TO DO: Cut two pieces heavy cord about 12

inches long. Twist these two pieces together and make a large knot at one end. Put three regular size spools on the cord to make one leg of a toy man. Cut two more pieces of cord and repeat these instructions to make the other leg. Gather the four ends of the cords and push them through the largest spool to make the body of the man.

On one cord that comes through the largest spool, string 2 regular sized spools and make a knot in the end for the arm. Do the same on the other side of the body to make another arm.

Use the two remaining cords through the medium sized spool for the head. Knot the end of it. Paint the body and legs of the spool man as you wish. Put eyes, nose, mouth and ears on the spool which acts as the head.

GAME WITH WORDS

Candy Twisters

ALL of us like candy. There are many kinds to buy or make.

The letters in each of the odd-looking words below can be twisted about to spell some common kinds of candy. Try your hand at these twisters.

1. Degut
2. Essiks
3. Timms
4. Nob'nobs
5. Affly
6. Lemparacs
7. Brunta
8. Mug-prods
9. Harms-walloms
10. Nep-huce
11. Rap-niels
12. Ont-land
13. Tub-ret-laoes
14. Ell-ressav
15. Tanga
16. Smacer
17. Skercus
18. Fersw

(Solution on Page 20)

Teddy and the Night-Singers

—There were Crickets, Frogs and Some Cats!—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY the Stuffed Bear wanted until it was dark. Then he walked out of the house. Down the steps he went into the garden, then across the garden and he reached the road. Then down the road he went. The moon was shining brightly.

All around him voices were singing. He couldn't tell just whose voices they were. They came from all around, from under the trees, from the edge of the pond, and from the old wooden fence behind the old wooden house.

Teddy Likes to Sing
 "I wish I could sing, too," said Teddy, as he bumbled along on his short legs down the moonlit road, peering as hard as he could to see if he could see who was doing the singing that came from under the trees.

"It's a chirpy sort of song," Teddy said to himself, as he walked off the side of the road and under the trees. The chirpy voices sounded louder and clearer. He seemed to be standing quite close to one of the voices. The voice was singing a song that sounded something like this:

"Are you Charlie, Jack or Joe?
 Let me know!
 Let me know!
 To which Teddy sang out in answer:
 "My name is Teddy, I'm a bear!"

And you are where?
 And you are where?
 But the instant Teddy sang these words, all the chirpy voices fell silent.

"Where are you?" Teddy called out again.
A Disappointment
 But there was no answer. Finally Teddy walked off again, quite disappointed.

"They must have been crickets," he said, as he made his way toward the edge of the pond. Here it was even darker than under the trees. Deep voices like drums were booming. This was the song the booming voices were singing:
 "Come on this log!
 There's lots of room!
 Sing-a-boom! Sing-a-boom!
 Sing-a-boom!"

Teddy answered at the top of his voice:
 "I'm Teddy the Bear!
 I'm glad there's room.
 I'll sing-a-boom, sing-a-boom!"



Teddy sat with the neighbourhood cats and sang!

boom-ers sounded like frogs. I wish they had let me sing with them. I wish the crickets had let me too. Yes, they must have been afraid of me."

By this time, Teddy had reached the old wooden house. And he made his way past it, toward the wooden fence. He could hear loud screeching voices.

They sang as follows.
 "It makes no sense.
 To sit on a fence,
 And sing the same song
 The whole night long.
 BUT WE LIKE IT!"

To this, Teddy answered:
 "I'm ready!
 To sing with you
 CAUSE I LIKE IT TOO!"

At Last, A Welcome
 And this time, the voices didn't fall silent. They screeched all the louder. They welcomed Teddy to join them on the fence.

And Teddy did! He sat with a dozen neighbourhood cats and sang at the top of his voice all night long!

Rupert and Billy Goat—9



"The constable walks round the tree and gates at Billy Goat. 'What were you doing up there?' he demands. 'And why didn't you answer my call?' 'Oh, please, I was only climbing,' quavers Billy. 'My daddy says that goats ought to be able to climb better than anybody else and this looked a jolly good place to practice, but when I saw a policeman I thought I must be doing wrong and I got frightened.' 'Oh, so I suppose this is your first time,' says the constable, 'teaching the long-rope.'"

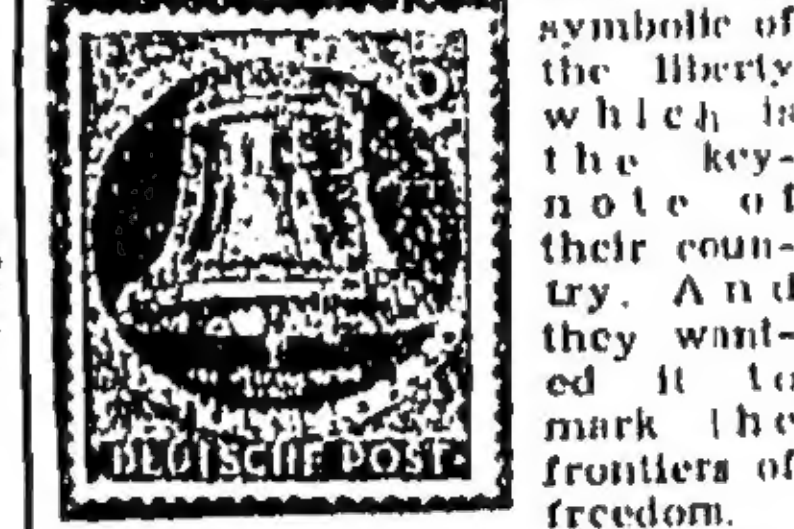
to climb better than anybody else and this looked a jolly good place to practice, but when I saw a policeman I thought I must be doing wrong and I got frightened. 'Oh, so I suppose this is your first time,' says the constable, 'teaching the long-rope.'"

IT'S THE BELL OF FREEDOM

A GREAT bell hangs in a Berlin ready to strike when the people of Germany are united again. It is the Freedom Bell, pictured here on this German stamp printed in photogravure with a perforation of 13½.

The bell weighs 10 tons and was cast at a factory in Croydon, England, for the American Crusade for Freedom.

To buy it and hang it in Berlin, more than one million citizens of the U.S. paid a subscription. They wanted the bell to be a symbol of the liberty which is the key-note of their country. And they wanted it to mark the frontiers of freedom.



So they sent it to the City Hall in West Berlin and there on October 24, 1950, General Lachius Chy tolled it as a call of hope from the people of the free world to those behind the Iron Curtain.

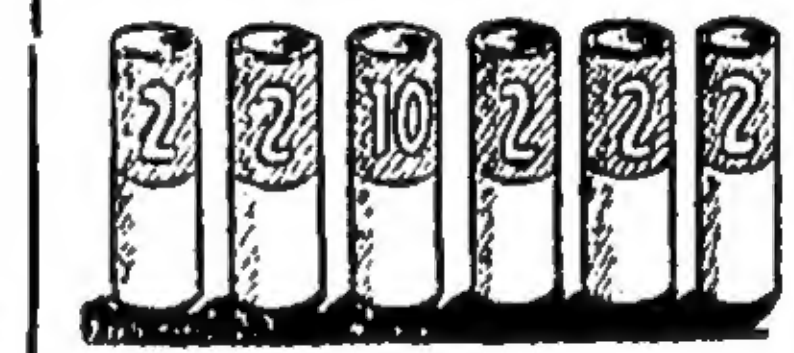
Five figures on the bell represent five races of mankind passing the torch of freedom. Around the base is an adaptation of President Lincoln's famous and hopeful words: "That this world under God shall have a new birth of freedom." The stamp costs 2d. in London.—J.A.A.

HOW TO MAKE A BOWLING GAME

1. Find 6 CARDBOARD TUBES about 4½ inches long and 1½ in. across.

2. PAINT THEM ABOUT HALFWAY DOWN WITH BRIGHT COLORED POSTER PAINT.

3. When the paint dries, number the tubes like this...



4. Set the tubes on end in a wedge shape.

5. LAY A STRING ON THE FLOOR ABOUT 5 FEET FROM THE WEDGE. TAKE TURNS ROLLING A BALL AT THE TUBES... EACH TIME YOU KNOCK ALL THE TUBES DOWN, MOVE BACK 1 FOOT ON YOUR NEXT TURN... COUNT YOUR POINTS... FIRST TO GET 50 WINS!



A new story

Rupert and the Wild Goose Chase

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"CORFU"	26th May	10th June
"CANTON"	26th June	20th July
"CARTHAGE"	21st July	23rd August

 Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CORFU"	2nd July	3rd August
"CANTON"	31st July	31st August
"CARTHAGE"	27th August	27th September

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FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Arriving	From
"COROMANDEL"	30th July	U.K.
"TRESILLIAN"	7th July	U.K.
"SOUDAN"	10th July	U.K.

Homewards	Loading	For
"COROMANDEL"	24th July	Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

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	due 7th July	for Singapore, Rangoon & Chittagong

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"OZARDA"	due 19th June	from Persian Gulf
	sails 20th June	for Japan
"OBRA" <th>due 25th June</th> <th>from Japan</th>	due 25th June	from Japan
	sails 26th June	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah, Kuwait, direct, Other P. O. Ports via Bombay
"OZARDA" <th>due 14th July</th> <th>from Japan</th>	due 14th July	from Japan
	sails 15th July	for Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah, Kuwait, direct, Other P. O. Ports via Bombay

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	sails 11th July	for Sandakan, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne

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CHINA MAIL



Page 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL
NEW
"SNORKEL"
PEN

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Two's Company

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are a music-hall joke and are obliged to take what comfort they may from the fact that the British laugh loudest at the people and things they cherish the most.

Fathers-in-law have been let off more lightly by the comedians but like their wives, in the years since the war, have had to put up with a good deal of trouble and discomfort by virtue of their office.

With parents-in-law as with parents, a certain amount of sacrifice is, in these days, an occupational risk. As a father-in-law named Joseph discovered the other day.

OUT FOR A STROLL.
JOSEPH is 74 now, and the few lines sketched in his rosy-pink face insist that though things may not always have gone with him exactly as he would have wished, on the whole, he has found life a splendid lark, and finds it so still.

The other evening, as Joseph took a stroll along Grays Inn Road, he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who was shuffling wearily along on the other side of the street.

Though she was so much younger than Joseph in years, in other ways, in gait, manner, outlook, she seemed much older, for hope had departed from her early in life.

TOO TIRED.
"HEY," Joseph called, and waved his stick. His daughter-in-law, plump, middle-aged, with streaky fair hair, looked up. The two met.

"And where may you be off to?" Joseph inquired. "Backingham Palace is it tonight? Or where?"

"She was too tired for joking. The bomb-site," she said, "I'm off to the bomb-site."

Joseph had a bed already booked for himself in a hotel, but the sight of his daughter-in-law, in such evident misery made him put thought of that from his mind.

STILL THERE.
"I'll come with you and keep your company," he said.

She protested, but Joseph was bent on doing his good deed, and presently he settled down near her, with sacks and old newspapers for covering, in the bombed-out building where she at the time was making her home.

A policeman found them near midnight, and told them to move. They did not commit themselves. When the policeman came back half an hour later, Joseph was still there. So was Pearl, his daughter-in-law.

They were arrested. "Now I can get to bed," said Joseph thankfully, when the charge of wandering abroad and lodging in the open air was read out to him at the police station.

A BED TONIGHT.
At the Clerkenwell court, later in the morning, he and his daughter-in-law both pleaded guilty to the charge, and the story was told to Mr. H. F. R. Sturge, the magistrate.

"I've a bed booked for you tonight, too, at the hotel," said Joseph, and he was discharged conditionally. His daughter-in-law's case was less simple.

"I been staying in hostels," she said, "I'm epileptic and when they find that out they won't have you." Epilepsy made things hard for her. So did something else. She had several previous convictions that could not be put down to illness.

She was fined 10s, and given no time in which to pay. The alternative was five days in prison. Ten shillings was far beyond her father-in-law's resources to help her with. It looked as if that night he would be able to claim the hostel bed that he had paid for.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

HEART - Burn - Stream - Gulf
Gulf - Pull - Zany - Fool
War - Man - Many - Zany - Fool
Trick - Quick - Quick - Fool
Bribe - Trick - Quick - Fool
Slight - Light - Delight - Fool
Turkish - Carpet - Knight - Night
Mist - Mist - Chance - Arm
Arm - Lily - Willy - Will
Power - Cover - Finch - Fish
Horn - Horn - Sharp - What
Card - Sharp - Sharp - What
Wheat - CHAFF.

Four Teams Beaten: Two Still Going

Another Climbing Party Fails In The Himalayas

Khatmandu, June 11.

The 1954 Himalayan climbing season recorded its fourth failure today when a German-Austrian expedition gave up its planned assault on 26,000-foot Mount Rakapolski and decided to try the 25,858-foot Mount Dastaghil instead.

This left only the Italians and the Argentinians out of a field of six expeditions which set out this spring to beat the remaining unconquered peaks of the Asian range.

The Italians reported yesterday that they were still climbing steadily up the highest of these — 28,250-foot "K-2" — even though they had been deserted by their porters because of bad weather.

The Argentinians said in a letter dated May 21 that they were going to make their final assault on the 26,796-foot Mount Dhaulagiri at the end of May. More news of them was not expected until about ten days from now.

The teams which failed this year included the Japanese, the British and the New Zealanders, as well as the German-Austrian team.

Their failures were due to injuries, bad weather or over-optimism — except in the case of the Japanese, who were turned back by superstitious villagers.

The New Zealanders' plans are still not clear, but their leader, Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of mighty Everest in 1953, was forced to abandon his part because of injuries and illness. He is on his way back to Khatmandu with Dr. James McFarlane, another injured member.

The New Zealanders were attempting the glacial Mount Makalu, which rises in ice-bound gorges to 27,980 feet.

Unconquered goods say they are continuing their reconnaissance while Sir Edmund

DAVIS CUP RESULTS

Britain Wins Doubles

London, June 11.

Britain kept alive their chance in the third round European Zone Davis Cup match with Belgium when they won the doubles today. Belgium now lead 2-1, with the remaining two singles to be played tomorrow.

In the doubles, Tony Mottram and Geoff Pugh beat Philippe Washer and Jackie Brehant 6-4, 12-10, 6-1.

In Paris France gained a 2-0 lead over India on the opening day of their third round Davis Cup tie.

Robert Haillet beat Ramana-than Krishnan 6-4, 6-4, 8-6 and Paul Remy defeated Naresk Kumar 6-3, 6-4, 6-1.

In Copenhagen Denmark and Hungary each won one of the singles matches to finish level on the opening day of their third round Davis Cup match.

S. Adam, of Hungary, beat Torben Ulrich, Denmark, 3-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1 and 7-5, and Kurt Nielsen, Denmark, beat Josef Asboth, Hungary, 6-0, 6-4 and 6-4.

In Stockholm Sweden gained a winning 3-0 lead over Italy. Their doubles pair, Sven Davidsson and Lennart Bergelin beat Gianni Cuculli and Del Bello 4-6, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3.

In the Zone semi-final Sweden will meet the winners of the Britain vs. Belgium match. — Reuters.

Boys And Girls Solutions

MAN FROM MARS
The picture is a fake because (1) the scene is really from the Himalayas; (2) the plane is a Vickers with silver wings; (3) the "Martian" soldiers are British Tommies; (4) the machine with "Caput" is a British tank; (5) the rocket should point up, not down; (6) Mars is at least 40,000 miles away, not 4,000; and (7) the Martians, if they exist, almost certainly do not put out notices in English.

CANDY TWISTERS
1-Fudge, 2-Kisses, 3-Mints, 4-Best, 5-Caramel, 6-Candy, 7-Nutter, 8-Gumdrops, 9-Marmalade, 10-Peanuts, 11-Fruit, 12-Zest, 13-Sweet, 14-Life, 15-Savers, 16-Nougat, 17-Creams, 18-Wafers.

HIGHEST AWARD

Luang Prabang, June 11.
The retiring French Supreme Commander, General Henri Navarre, today received the highest military order of Laos from King Savang Vong — the Order of a Million Elephants. — United Press.

Well-Known Song Writer Dies

Chicago, June 11.
Will Rosler, 87, composer of such song hits as "Darktown Strutters Ball" and "Some of These Days," died last night in a hospital. Rosler had been active as a music publisher until a week ago when he entered the hospital.

Among his own best-known compositions were "Turkey in the Straw," "Ta-Love To Live In Loveland" and "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."

He was credited with originating the practice of song-plugging, and was the first publisher to put fancy covers on sheet music.

He went into the publishing business when a song publisher refused to publish his first effort in 1899. "Sweet Nellie Bawn."

He gave many famous song-writers their start. — United Press.

Surprise Red Attack Unlikely

Paris, June 11.

The danger of the Soviet Union or its satellites staging a "Pearl Harbour" surprise attack against Western Europe appears to have passed, Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, said today.

Until very recently the Soviet Union and its satellites had stronger military forces than those available to the Western allies stationed where they could launch a lightning attack without warning, he said.

"Now it appears our defences could handle the 30 divisions which the Communists have near the borders," he added.

"That means that in order to stage an attack the Russians would have to bring reinforcements from the Soviet Union itself, and any such large movement of troops would lose the element of surprise."

Lord Ismay was talking to 42 former American war correspondents visiting Europe ten years after the Normandy landings. — Reuters.

Bandits Stage More Raids

Tunis, June 11.

Increasingly bold Eulaghia outlaws staged four raids last night on settlements and farms in North Tunisia. One man was wounded.

One band opened fire on a group of soldiers stationed in a French farm near Sakliot Sidi Youssef in north-west Tunisia, but were driven off.

A second group, hidden in an olive grove, attacked another farm north-west of Siliana. Local peace officers reinforced by troops succeeded in routing them also.

Between Ebba Ksour and Robin more outlaws opened fire on a car carrying three passengers. The driver was slightly wounded in the left leg. The fourth raid was on a country house 14 miles from here, where a watchman was seized, robbed of his cigarettes and 200 francs and thrown into a river. — United Press.

Cricket Results

London, June 11.

Result of country cricket matches which ended today were: —

At Bradford: Yorkshire-Somerset match drawn. Yorkshire 161 for six declared (Milton, right-arm off-spin five for 83), Somerset 119. (Clare, right-arm off-spin four for 88) neither side batted a second time.

At Leicester: Leicestershire-Glamorgan match drawn no decision. Glamorgan 239 for nine declared, Leicestershire 174 for eight.

At Worcester: Worcestershire-Northamptonshire match drawn. Worcestershire 158 for five declared (Kenyon 62, Outchcoorn, 55), Northamptonshire 185 (Perks right-arm fast-medium six for 77) Neither side batted a second time.

At Worthing: Sussex beat Hampshire by 39 runs. Sussex 166 and 91 (Shackleton, right-arm fast-medium six for 34) Hampshire 70 and 148. — Reuters.

American Women's 3-0 Lead In Wightman Cup

But British Youngsters Spring Surprise

Wimbledon, June 11.

The United States led Britain by three matches to love at the end of the first day's play in the Wightman Cup women's lawn tennis international today.

The match ends tomorrow.

Britain has not won the trophy since 1930. The United States have triumphed 21 times since the competition was instituted in 1923.

Today's results: Miss Maureen Connolly beat Miss H. Fletcher 6-1, 6-3.

Miss D. Hart beat Miss A. Shillecock 6-4, 8-1.

Miss L. Brough and Mrs. M. Dupont beat Miss P. Hird and Miss A. Buxton 2-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Rain delayed the start by three and a half hours. In the opening singles, Miss Connolly, the world's number one, took just 30 minutes to dispose of Miss Fletcher, a left-hander.

Miss Hart also won in straight sets against Miss Ann Shillecock, but had to fight for every point in the opening set. Her steeper all-court game gave her a runaway 6-1 lead in the second set.

The British 19-year-old Miss Angela Buxton and Miss Pat Hird, playing in their first big international, sprung a surprise by coming near to beating Miss Louise Brough and Mrs. Margaret Dupont, former world doubles champions. They led 5-1 in the deciding set, but collapsed sensationally and the Americans won the next six games in a row for the match. — Reuters.

UN Aid Urged For Poorer Nations

Geneva, June 11.

The Ceylon Labour Minister, Mr. M.C.M. Kaleel, told the International Labour conference today that United Nations technical assistance must be pursued energetically in all under-developed countries.

Speaking in the general debate, he said "we are endeavouring to apply economic and social policies suited to our needs, but we would make much greater and much faster progress if there was the provision of stable and adequate financial resources for investment and for carrying out effective programmes of technical assistance."

Mr. Kaleel said it was "in the interests of... more industrialised countries that standards of living in the poorer regions of the world should be improved."

Sir Richard Snodden, British employer delegate, urged the meeting to realise that the presence of eight Communist countries threatened its future. "The I.L.O. is today approaching the greatest crisis in its existence owing to the participation of eight iron curtain countries. It is faced with the threat of disruption, disintegration or at least slow paralysis." — Reuters.

Power Extended

Washington, June 11.

The House of Representatives voted a year's extension today of the President's power to negotiate trade agreements with foreign nations. — Reuters.



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